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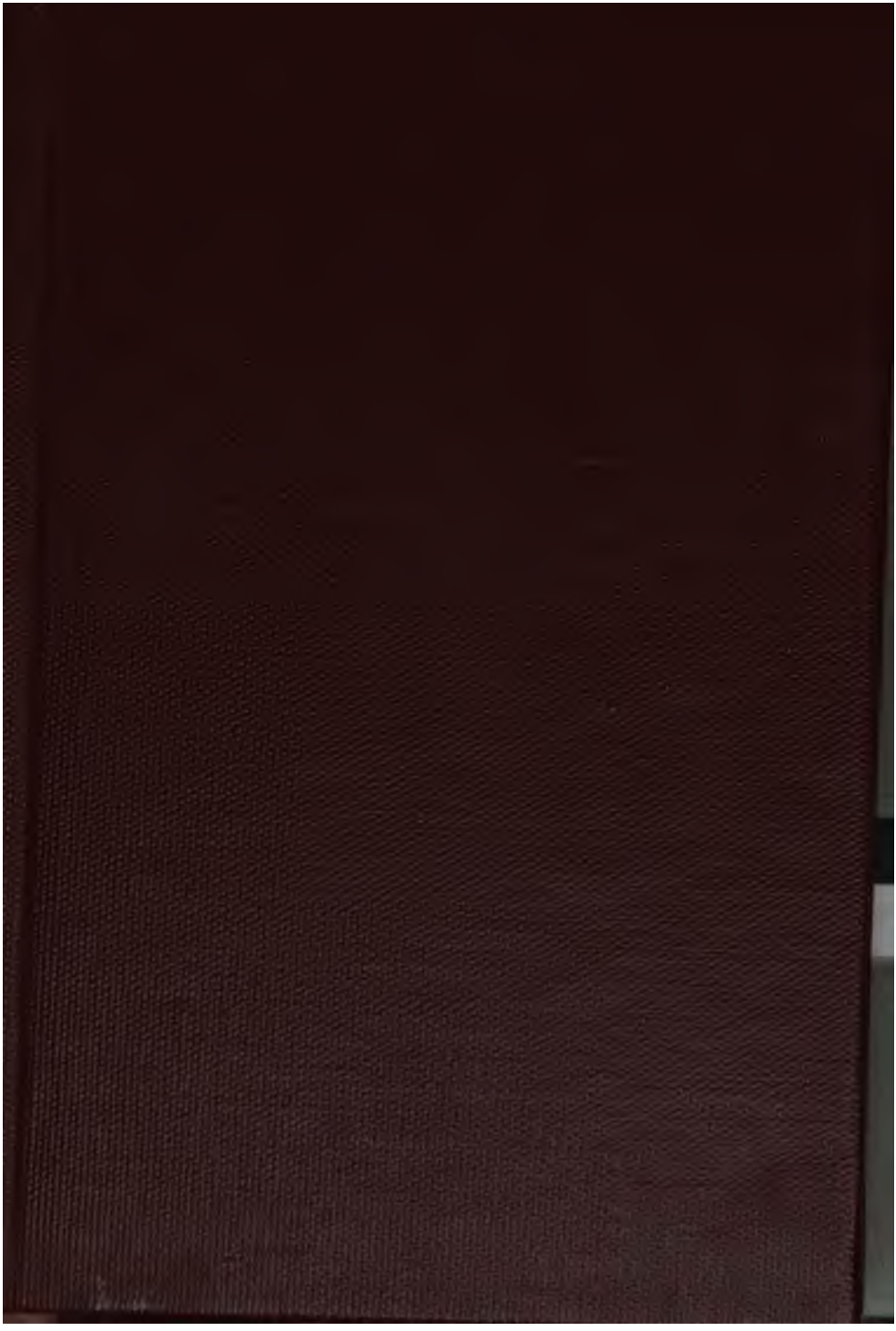

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THIRTEEN SATIRES OF JUVENAL

THIRTEEN ATIRES OF JUVENAL

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH

BY

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METHUEN & CO.

36 ESSEX STREET, W.C.

LONDON

1903

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Poet and preacher, thou whose clamorous rage
  Strove to abase the haughty doers of crime,
  And with the nimble scalpel of thy rime
To excise the ulcers of a festering age;
Thy heart was toward things holy; in thy page
  Is writ the praise of justice for all time,
  And grim reproof of lechery, whose rank slime
Defiled men's lives, heaven's rightful appanage.
Thou livest yet: to scorn death's phantom fears,
  Nor for life's sake to lose life's fountainhead
Honour, is still thy cry; thy pitiful tears
  Are still for suffering men down-trodden shed;
Still thunders through the multitudinous years
  The glory of thy voice that is not dead.

S. G. O.

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INTRODUCTION

THE present translation of thirteen satires of Juvenal (three are omitted for obvious reasons) was made partly to convince myself that I understood the satirist's meaning, and partly to assist my pupils towards so doing. It has lain by me for long, and has been retouched from time to time. I wish I could say that I feel at last satisfied. But translation is so delicate a thing that complete satisfaction is unattainable. The work, such as it is, is mainly my own. I have hardly at all consulted other translators: most I have purposely not read. For I wished the meaning conveyed to be that which Juvenal has to me. However faulty the result may be, I can at least claim that it is the product of careful study. I hope shortly to deal fully with the difficulties of my author in a commentary which is nearing completion. Two translations I have occasionally consulted when in doubt as to the meaning of the text, the painstaking literal rendering of the late J. D. Lewis, which forms part of his vigorous and able edition, and the clever though rather free version of Mr. S. H. Jeyes. To both of these scholars I desire to express my debt. Mr. Lewis is an excellent exponent of the letter, Mr. Jeyes of the spirit of the original. Of editors this is

not the place to speak. I have learnt much from many quarters. But above all I have learnt most from the monumental commentaries of Mayor and Friedländer, whose works have been always before me. In translating I have followed the text of my edition published at the Clarendon Press in the *Scriptorum classicorum bibliotheca Oxoniensis*, 1903. I have therefore taken no notice of varieties of reading, as these are fully dealt with in that book. Nor have I as a rule mentioned alternative possible versions, as these are rather the business of the commentator than of the translator. The translator gives the meaning as it appears to him; for the commentator is reserved the nice task of discussing ambiguities, and attempting by the application of conscientious learning to solve doubts. As I hope to appear shortly in this tedious capacity, I feel sure that I shall be pardoned if as a translator I prefer to be oracular or even dictatorial.

The satire of Juvenal draws its inspiration from Lucilius rather than from Horace and Persius. Lucilius wrote in an age when the ancient Roman austerity and simplicity was being softened by contact with Greek culture and civilisation. Against the evils of this softening process, Lucilius protested with true Italian vigour and fierceness. Horace, on the other hand, living in the golden age of elegance and peace, writes in a gentler and kindlier spirit; in which he is followed by his youthful imitator, the monkish Persius. Juvenal looked out upon a world of depravity, sapped by the importation of foreign corruptions; where evil was rampant in high

places, and where the injustices and abominations of the Claudian and Flavian Caesars were fresh in men's memories. In his time Rome had become the recognised capital of the world, the meeting-place of the nations of West and East. He thus contemplated the spectacle of the existence of a huge imperial city, which resembled in its life rather a great modern capital than the city states of the civilised world that had preceded it. The many-sided life of this imperial metropolis, with all its aspirations for evil or for good, the remorseless rivalry for place, dignity and wealth, the vulgarity, debauchery and crime that are inseparable from a capital, are the satirist's theme which he treats with directness and truthfulness. Hence his work is of no narrow compass, but is cosmopolitan in its interest. This is the peculiar merit of Juvenal. Not only is he gifted beyond ordinary authors, he is the greatest of all satirists. For most of what he says is as true of other cities, other civilisations, and other ages, as it was of imperial Rome. Like our own Shakespeare, he speaks for all time. His voice is often harsh, remorseless, even brutal; it has more of invective than of gentleness. But what he says is true, and he says it because he believes it; because he is sincere. No pagan moralist is as genuine as Juvenal. Had he known, which he did not know, the gospel of Christianity, he would not have needed to change his standpoint as to the great facts of life. For this reason it is surprising that some dilettanti critics have doubted his sincerity; because he knows and pillories what is evil with withering straightforwardness it is urged that

he must have done so from a guilty knowledge. As if any Roman man, or even child, living when Juvenal lived, did not possess all the knowledge which Juvenal possesses of the things which he would wish us to avoid; or as if indeed such knowledge is a sealed book to most adults in the Christian England of to-day! Modern works of fiction or poetry may be bought at almost any bookseller's, and newspapers are found on every bookstall which imply a more seamy and nauseous knowledge than can be imputed to Juvenal, who is never prurient, and of whom it has been well observed by a clergyman of the Church of England, who translated literally all his sixteen satires: "The mind and conscience of this great man were, though from whence he knew not (Rom. ii. 15, *cf.* Is. xlv. 5; see Satire x. 363), so far enlightened as to perceive the ugliness of vice, and so influenced with a desire to reform it, as to make him, according to the light he had, a severe and able reprover, a powerful and diligent witness against the vices and follies of the people among which he lived; and, indeed, against all who, like them, give a loose to their depraved appetites, as if there were no other liberty to be sought after but the most unrestrained indulgence of vicious pleasures and gratifications." [1]

The style of Juvenal is rhetorical. Like all educated Romans, he had been carefully trained in rhetoric, which he studied until middle life, if we may believe the tradition of the biography preserved in some of his manu-

[1] *Translation of Juvenal and Persius*, by the Rev. M. Madan, 1829, i. 3.

scripts. As was usually the case with poets of the Silver Age, his work was intended to be recited rather than to be read. Consequently he is desultory and often inconsequent. His aim is to hold the attention, as one would expect in a rhetorician, not by logical coherence but by brilliancy of phrase, liveliness of transition, and warmth of detail. Thus in presenting his subjects he does not deal in cold generalities, but proceeds at once to illustrate and enforce his meaning by particular examples, glaring instances of folly or vulgarity or crime. His polished and epigrammatic language is set in a stately hexameter verse, cast on the model of Vergil, which has nothing of the roughness of Lucilius, or the jerkiness of Horace and Persius. His sonorous metre is well adapted to the seriousness of his subject, his insistence and intensity: it resembles the measured music of a mountain torrent or the rhythmic roar of breakers beating on the Atlantic beach.

How truthful Juvenal is, how modern in his spirit, few readers can fail to observe. Most that he has to say will find its illustrations near to hand in our modern world, if we have eyes to see. For instance, the follies and evils of oriental and other superstitions (vi. 508 ff.) find a counterpart in Christian Scientists, affected belief in Buddhism, occultism, spiritualism and other crazes: fashionable adulteresses (vi. 114 ff.), lovers of gossip and scandal (vi. 398 ff.), and lady athletes (i. 22; vi. 246 ff.) have their modern sisters: the licentious Spanish dances (xi. 162) still continue, but are not confined to Spain: reckless gambling (i. 88; xiv. 5, etc.) is as rife, if not

more so, now as then: the turf with its attendant evils is a reproduction of the contests of the circus from which Juvenal turns with disgust (xi. 193): improprieties in the fashionable world are still frequent, and Juvenal's comment that what is regarded as immoral in a commoner is looked upon as smart in a noble lord is no less true now than then (viii. 181; xi. 178): the aristocratic soldier, backed by the highest social influence, who is more at home in an atmosphere of horse-flesh and drinking than in his military duties (viii. 146-182), is not unknown among us: nor is the noble spendthrift, who runs through his money and goes upon the stage (viii. 183 ff.), or financiers and others, who make away with the property of the credulous by fraud (Satire xiii. *passim*), or fashionable and wealthy parents, who by the example of their lives train up their children to debauchery and folly (Satire xiv. *passim*): the pestilent poets, of whom the satirist speaks bitterly as an affront to letters (i. 1 ff.; iii. 9), are still inconveniently frequent, and are encouraged by partisan statesmen and others who ought to know better. The worst of Nero's crimes was that he murdered the Tale of Troy divine (viii. 221): who shall say whether the encouragement of bad literature is not still among the worst of crimes?

The above considerations may help us to determine whether Juvenal was a poet in the true sense of the word. That he is a vigorous rhetorician, rich in observant penetration and stinging phrase, is apparent: but is his work genuine poetry? That it is so has sometimes been denied. In order to answer the question

satisfactorily it is necessary to arrive at a definite decision as to what constitutes poetry: for there is obviously involved in this conception more than mere metrical or rhythmic composition. Poetry is defined by Aristotle as an imitative art, whose function is to present not what has happened but what may happen; that is to say, what is possible according to the law of probability or necessity. It expresses the universal element in human life.[1] The poet eliminates what is transitory and accidental, and passing beyond mere material facts draws pictures which are true for all time. As the physician from contact with many particular cases arrives at a knowledge of the nature and treatment of diseases, so the poet from his own fruitful experience arrives at presentations which appeal with the force of truth not only to his own circle and his own contemporaries but to others who may live under far different conditions. Or rather differently we may say that the poet, like other artists, represents nature but idealises it. As Sir Philip Sidney has finely said, "the world of Nature is brazen, the poets only deliver a golden".[2] The poet rises above his own age and delineates universal truth. "There is but one learning, which *omnes gentes habent scriptum in cordibus suis*," says the poet Daniel, "one and the self-same spirit that worketh in all.

[1] Aristotle, *Poetics*, ix. 1. *φανερὸν δὲ ἐκ τῶν εἰρημένων καὶ ὅτι οὐ τὸ τὰ γενόμενα λέγειν, τοῦτο ποιητοῦ ἔργον ἐστίν, ἀλλ' οἷ' ἂν γένοιτο καὶ τὰ δυνατὰ κατὰ τὸ εἰκὸς ἢ τὸ ἀναγκαῖον. . . . διὸ καὶ φιλοσοφώτερον καὶ σπουδαιότερον ποίησις ἱστορίας ἐστίν· ἡ μὲν γὰρ ποίησις μᾶλλον τὰ καθόλου, ἡ δὲ ἱστορία τὰ καθ' ἕκαστον λέγει.*

[2] *Apologie for Poetrie*, p. 25. Arber.

We have but one body of justice, one body of wisdom throughout the whole world, which is but apparelled according to the fashion of every nation." [1] The poet describes human motives and passions, virtues and vices, in such a way as to appeal directly by his truth to every reader.[2] And he cannot do this without being himself a man of sympathy and insight. In the words of Wordsworth: "What is a Poet? To whom does he address himself? And what language is to be expected from him? He is a man speaking to men: a man, it is true, endowed with more lively sensibility, more enthusiasm and tenderness, who has a greater knowledge of human nature, and a more comprehensive soul, than are supposed to be common among mankind; a man pleased with his own passions and volitions, and who rejoices more than other men in the spirit of life that is in him; delighting to contemplate similar volitions and passions as manifested in the goings on of the universe, and habitually impelled to create them where he does not find them." [3]

It is clear, then, that poetry does not consist in mere imaginative creation, or appreciative descriptions of natural beauties, or graceful similes, or delicacy of idea and phrase, and lyric or dramatic splendour. All these are poetry; but those also are poets who speak to

[1] Samuel Daniel, *Apologie for Rhyme*. Ancient critical essays upon English poets and poesy, edited by Joseph Haslewood, ii. 208.

[2] Juvenal, i. 85.

Quidquid agunt homines, votum timor ira voluptas
Gaudia discursus nostri farrago libelli est.

[3] Preface to Lyrical Ballads. *Prose Works*, i. 57. Knight.

men in effective sympathetic language about their modes of life and the inner workings of their souls and senses.[1] And, further, the poet is also a teacher of moral truth. "In my mind," says Byron, "the highest of all poetry is ethical poetry, as the highest of all earthly objects must be moral truth. Religion does not make a part of my subject; it is something beyond human powers, and has failed in all human hands except Milton's and Dante's, and even Dante's powers are involved in his delineation of human passions, though in supernatural circumstances. What made Socrates the greatest of men? His moral truth—his ethics. What proved Jesus Christ the Son of God hardly less than His miracles? His moral precepts. And if ethics have made a philosopher the first of men, and have not been disdained as an adjunct to His gospel by the Deity Himself, are we to be told that ethical poetry, or didactic poetry, or by whatever name you term it, whose object is to make men better and wiser, is not the *very first order* of poetry; and are we to be told this, too, by one of the priesthood? It requires more mind, more wisdom, more power, than all the 'forests' that ever were 'walked' for their 'description,' and all the epics that ever were founded upon fields of battle. The Georgics are indisputably, and, I believe, *undisputably* even a finer poem than the Aeneid. Vergil knew this; he did not order *them* to be burnt.

The proper study of mankind is man."[2]

[1] *Cf.* Juvenal, xv. 131 ff

[2] Letter on the Rev. W. L. Bowles's "Strictures on Pope"; *Works*, vi. 369.

Such being the nature of poetry, as conceived by the best authorities and ablest exponents of the art, it may be pronounced with certainty that Juvenal is a poet in the highest sense of the word; he is a poet who is read not only on account of the vivid picture he has drawn for us of the life of the Rome of his day (excellent as that picture is, it is rather an historical than a poetical product), but he is read also because he has for us a message which makes for righteousness and enlightenment, and which pleads for what is manly and honourable and true. The following passages may be signalised as among those in which he rises to his highest poetical excellence :—

II. 83—

Nemo repente fuit turpissimus.

III. 54 ff.—

Tanti tibi non sit opaci
Omnis harena Tagi quodque in mare volvitur aurum,
Vt somno careas ponendaque praemia sumas
Tristis et a magno semper timearis amico.

VII. 32 ff. (on neglected literary merit)—

Sed defluit aetas
Et pelagi patiens et cassidis atque ligonis.
Taedia tunc subeunt animos, tunc seque suamque
Terpsichoren odit facunda et nuda senectus.

VIII. 83—

Summum crede nefas animam praeferre pudori
Et propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.

X. 108—

Quid Crassos, quid Pompeios evertit et illum,
Ad sua qui domitos deduxit flagra Quirites?
Summus nempe locus nulla non arte petitus
Magnaque numinibus vota exaudita malignis.

X. 163 ff. (on fallen greatness, as exemplified in the end of Hannibal)—

Finem animae quae res humanas miscuit olim,
Non gladii, non saxa dabunt nec tela, sed ille
Cannarum vindex et tanti sanguinis ultor
Anulus; i demens et saevas curre per Alpes,
Vt pueris placeas et declamatio fias.

And if there be any lingering doubts as to Juvenal's claim to the poetic gift, I appeal to those lines, the sweetest and saddest creation of paganism, which are, in my opinion, perhaps the finest hexameters in the Latin language: the transitory character of human life could not be expressed with finer simplicity than thus:—

IX. 126—

Festinat enim decurrere velox
Flosculus angustae miseraeque brevissima vitae
Portio; dum bibimus, dum serta unguenta puellas
Poscimus, obrepit non intellecta senectus.

To these may be added the long passage on the punishment of a guilty conscience (xiii. 211 ff.). Enough has, I think, been said to show that Juvenal was not only a poet, but a poet of peculiar power and depth.

Mr. T. W. Allen of Queen's College has read through my proof-sheets; for which act of kindness I am very grateful.

THE SATIRES OF JUVENAL

SATIRE I

THE WICKEDNESS OF ROME DEMANDS A SATIRIST

A MERE listener shall I always be? Shall I never take revenge for all the torment of bawling Cordus' Tale of Theseus? What! without punishment shall one have read to me his comedies, another his love ditties, and without punishment shall a gigantic tragedy of Telephus have wasted my day or an Orestes, when the edge at the end of the book is already full, writ even on the back and still incomplete? No one knows his home better than I "Mars grove" and "the Fire-god's grot hard by Aeolian rocks"; what the winds brood, what spirits Aeacus doth rack, from what land another personage brings home the gold of the doleful stolen fleece, and what huge rowans Monychus hurls, of such the planes of Fronto and his quivering marbles, and pillars riven by the eternal reader clamour without ceasing. There will be the same weary treatment from poets great and small. Well, I too have flinched before the rod; I too have warned old Sulla to leave politics and sleep soundly. It's silly mercy when one knocks up everywhere against these countless bards to save the paper that some one must spoil. But why it is my whim to practise by

preference on this course in which Aurunca's great foster-son drove his steeds, if you've the time and will good-naturedly listen to my reason, I will expound.

When the soft eunuch weds a wife, and our new woman goes pig-sticking in Tuscany, spears in hand and bare of breast; when the man under whose razor my stiff beard rasped in early manhood now for his single wealth can vie with any lord; when one from the rabble of the Nile, when the slave Crispinus at Canopus bred, catches up over his shoulder his ever-changing purple mantles, and in summer flourishes his ring on his hot fingers, too fatigued to bear the weight of the more massive signet, it is hard not to write satire. For who is so resigned to the unfairness of our city, who so case-hardened as to hold his rage when lawyer Matho's brand new trap goes by, filled by that person, followed by one who informed against his powerful friend and will soon pounce upon all that our pillaged lords still have left to them, he whom Massa dreads and Carus wheedles with a bribe, and Thymele, despatched by terror-struck Latinus? Or when you are ousted by those who win legacies by nights of shame, raised to greatness by that sovereign road to high advancement, some rich baroness's passion? Poor Proculeius gets a paltry twelfth, lusty Gillo the lion's share, each his portion according to his powers. I am contented enough that he get the wage of his flesh, grown as pale with sin as one that has trod barefooted on a snake, or pale as the speaker that must plead at the altar in Lyonesse. Need I tell the heat of passion that consumes my

fevered vitals when troops of retainers jostle the crowd attending now one that defrauded his ward who must needs live by infamy, and now one whose sentence has been ineffectual? For what cares he for disgrace if he keep the cash? Marius in exile carouses from early morn to dewy eve and revels in heaven's frown, but you, victorious province, must weep. Should I not hold these things fit subject for the satirist's midnight oil? Should I not treat them? Nay, what fitter theme? Should I be writing epics of Heracles or Diomede, or the Labyrinth with its bellowing bull, and the boy that splashed into the sea, and the flying joiner, when as the law denies the wife's right to take, her complaisant husband receives the paramour's fortune, he the adept at staring at the ceiling, and adept at snoring over his cups with ever-wakeful nose? When the command of a troop is thought to be the just aspiration of one who has squandered his substance on horse flesh and lost all his ancestral fortune, scudding with flying wheel along the Flaminian Road, a boy Automedon? For with his own hand he would hold the ribbons, flaunting his skill to his mistress attired in driver's cloak. Does one not yearn to fill volume upon volume in the crossing's midst when past is borne on full six bearers' necks, open to view each way, and with his lounge chair almost unconcealed, recalling forcibly the lolling Maecenas, some signatory to a forgery, who by a tiny document and moistened signet has made himself wealthy and prosperous? Next meets me a great lady, who, when her husband is thirsty, mixes toad poison with the soft wine of Cales that she is

about to hand him, and has taught her artless kinswomen, out-heroding Locusta, to carry their blotched husbands to interment in defiance of scandal and the nation. If you would be great, venture on some crime that deserves Gyara's confinement and the dungeon. Honesty wins praise, but starves: to their sins men owe parks, palaces, tables, antique plate, and goblets with goats graven in relief. Who may slumber without protest beholding the seducer of a daughter-in-law that thirsted for his gold? Or the brides of infamy, and co-respondent in his teens? Though no poet born I be, contempt inspires such lines as it can muster, lines such as mine or those of Cluvienus.

From the day when storm-clouds lifted the face of the waters, and Deucalion climbed the mountain in his ark and prayed an oracle, and one after one stones softened and grew warm with life, and Pyrrha revealed naked maidens to men, all the doings of mankind, their desire, their fear, their anguish and delight, their joys and restless stir form the medley of my book. Indeed, when has there been a richer crop of wickednesses? When did the pocket of greed gape wider? When did gambling show such spirit? For men do not go to the hazard of the table bringing their cashbox, but plunge with their whole capital upon the board. What fierce encounters you will see on that field where the steward is squire! Is it ordinary madness to lose a hundred thousand, and yet not give your shivering slave the doublet that is his due? Who of our ancestors builded so many stately homes, or dined alone off seven

ırses? Nowadays the meagre dole is placed by the l-door, where the full-dressed crowd must scramble it. Yet even so there is one that first scans your tures and is in terror that you may appear as an ruder and apply under an assumed name. If passed ı will receive. He bids the marshal call up even .e-blooded aristocrats, for they too beset the door as ll as we humbler folk: "Give me, I am a Praetor; ıt me, I am a Tribune," they cry. But a freedman nes before them. "Before them," he cries, "I pre- ıt myself. Why should I fear or hesitate to stand for my turn, though I was born by the Euphrates, the womanish borings in my ears would soon have ıved, though I denied it? Still my five shops are rth four hundred thousand sesterces to me. What ıhed-for thing does the broad purple stripe secure a Corvinus herds sheep as lessee, while I hold more d than Pallas or any Licinus?" So the tribunes must it: heigho for money; the slave just arrived in the ›ital with whitened feet need not give precedence to › stately official, for in our world the dignity of wealth most revered, though baleful money as yet dwells t in any temple, and we have raised no altars to › Currency, even as we worship Peace and Honour, ctory and Valour, and Concord who twitters when r nest is hailed. But when the State's first minister ›kons up at the year's close what the dole brings n in, how much it adds to his incomings, what will › dependents do, to whom it means clothes and ›es, and all the food and firing they have at home?

A close-packed crowd of litters comes in quest of the hundred quadrantes, and with her husband attends the wife sickly or even with child, and trails on the dreary round. Another, now an adept at his customary trick, asks the dole for the wife that is not there, pointing in place of wife to an empty sedan with curtains drawn close. "It's my dear Galla," he says; "be quick and let us go. Do you hesitate? Galla, put out your head. Oh, don't annoy her, she'll be dozing."

Also the day is mapped out with a fine succession of events: the dole is followed by the law courts, where stands Apollo in his wig and the statues of victorious generals, amidst which some Aegyptian upstart and some Sirdar has dared to foist in his scutcheon, before whose bust there's no nuisance one might not well commit. Away from the porch go weary old retainers, and relinquish their hopes, though the expectation of dinner is what man clings to longest. The poor fellows must find themselves in greens and firing. Their lord meanwhile will devour the choicest products of forests and sea, and will recline in solitary state upon the empty divans. For out of all those beautiful and big round tables of antique pattern one only serves them to gobble up whole fortunes. Soon the retainer will be a thing of the past. But who can brook this meanness in extravagance? What monstrous gluttony is this that feasts alone on whole boars—a beast for company created! But punishment is at hand, when you, my friend, bloated, undress, and dyspeptic carry your peacock with you to the bath. This is the cause of sudden deaths, attended by old age,

with will unmade, and the startling story goes the round of the dinner tables, but wrings grief from none: away winds the funeral to the delight of the resentful friends.

No further refinements on our modes of life will after times discover: our descendants will do and desire the same as we. Every wickedness has reached its climax. Spread your sails, say I, before the wind. Crowd on all canvas. Here some one may object: "Where can you find talent equal to the theme? Where get the old directness of your forerunners, who wrote in burning passion what their heart listed?" "Whose name," said Lucilius, "do I not dare mention? What matter if Mucius pardon my words or no? Portray Tigellinus, and you will blaze among those faggots, in which the wretches stand and burn fastened by the chest, and which faggots flash out a broad streak of light in the middle of the sand." Must then the man that did to death with aconite his three uncles ride by on cushions borne aloft and look down on us therefrom? "Yes, when you meet him, be mum, with finger on your lip; say but the phrase, 'that's he,' and he'll treat you as an informer. You may fearlessly pit Aeneas against the bold Rutulian, the 'slaying of Achilles' entails trouble to no man, or the long search for Hylas with his pitcher tumbled in the pool. But when old Lucilius seems to draw his sword and growls in burning ire, the hearer blushes for shame, his conscience is chilled for his offences, and his heart faints for secret sin. Hence the hearer turns to passion and to tears.

So then, Sir Satirist, ponder my words in your mind before you sound defiance, when armed for the fight it's too late to retreat." I will essay what critic licence be allowed me against those whose ashes lie in their quiet graves along the Flaminian and the Latin Road.

SATIRE III

THE WICKEDNESS OF ROME MAKES IT NO PLACE FOR HONEST MEN

THOUGH troubled at an old friend's departure, I however congratulate him since he proposes to fix his home in deserted Cumae, and present one townsman to the Sibyl. It is the approach to Baiae, and a pleasant seaside for agreeable retirement. I prefer even Prochyta to the crowded city. For what spot have we ever seen so wretched and so desolate that one would not hold it a worse thing to stand in dread of fires, constant collapses of houses, with all the thousand perils of the heartless city and poets spouting in the hot August month?

But while his entire effects were being packed upon a single coach, my friend halted by the time-worn arches and dripping Capena gate. At the place where by night Numa used to make appointments with his mistress (now the coppice of the hallowed spring and temple are leased out to Jews whose worldly wealth is a basket and wisp of hay; for every tree is by law ordained to pay rent to the nation, and the Camenae are evicted and the wood is turned beggar), down we went into the valley of Egeria and grottoes from natural transformed. How far more real would have been the spirit of the

stream, if turf had enclosed the waters with a green fringe, and no marble slabs done outrage to the natural tufa!

Here then Umbricius spoke: "Since there is no room in the city for honest callings, no wages for our efforts, and my means to-day are less than they were yesterday, and will to-morrow lose somewhat of the little that remains, I purpose to go to the place where Daedalus doffed his tired wings, while my grey hairs are still fresh, and I am still at the outset of old age, still upright, while there is still some thread of life left for Fate to spin, and I bear myself on my own proper feet with no wretched stick to prop my right hand. Farewell, my native town. There let your villains live of low and high degree; there let them stay who swear that black is white, who scruple not to contract for farming the tolls on rivers and harbours, clearing flood water, neatly executing funerals, and come at last themselves beneath the hammer that assigns ownership. These men, musicians once, familiar figures in borough circuses, whose puffed cheeks are well known through all the country towns, now exhibit pageants, and to curry favour decree the death of those the mob orders with a twist of the thumb; then they are back again to farm the closets: and why should they not try all trades? For it is men such as these that chance elevates from low estate to high pinnacles of success, whenever it has pleased her to make merry. What can I do at Rome? I know not how to lie; I cannot praise a book if it is bad, and cry 'Oh, let me read it'; the movements of the stars are

beyond my ken; I have neither the will nor the power to guarantee a father's death; I have never pried into the entrails of frogs; to bring her paramour's presents and messages to the young wife I leave to others; I will not be a robber's tool, and so that's why, like a cripple whose right hand is palsied, a useless trunk, I am not marching forth in any governor's train. Who is now in favour, except the confidant and he whose heart boils and seethes with secrets that must never be revealed? Nothing does that man think he owes you, nothing will he ever bestow upon you who has shared with you his honourable secret. Dear to Verres will be the man that can bring Verres to justice whenever he will. Prize not so highly all the sand of shady Tagus and all the gold it rolls down to the sea, as for such to forego your sleep and take bribes you must soon relinquish with a sigh, and be ever a terror to your exalted friend.

"What race now is chiefly beloved by our wealthy men, and what persons I mainly avoid, I will hasten to disclose, and consideration shall not check me. Men of Rome, it is our Rome turned Greek I cannot stomach. Yet how small a portion of our scum hail from Achaea? Long ago has Syrian Orontes turned its tide into the Tiber, bringing too its language and customs and flute-players and slanting harp-strings, and with itself its foreign timbrels and daughters of dishonour in the circus. Hither hie all who delight in an Eastern harlot with broidered cap. Romulus, behold your yeoman dons his Greek dress-shoes, and wears his Greek medals on his neck smeared with Greek ointment. This one has left

steep Sicyon, or that one Amydon, this Andros and that Samos, another Tralles or Alabanda, and to the Esquiline they flock and the hill that's named from the osier, soon to be bosom friends and masters in the houses of the great. Theirs is quick talent, reckless impudence, words ready and more impetuous than Isaeus. Conceive him if you can. A many-sided person he has brought us in himself: schoolmaster, professor, mathematician, painter, masseur, diviner, tight-rope dancer, doctor, wizard, yon hungry little Greek knows all things alike: bid him fly, and fly he will. In a word, no Moor or Sarmatian or Thracian was he that gat him wings, but a true Greek born in the heart of Athens. Shall I not scorn the gaudy robes that such men wear? Shall the foreigner seal before me as witness, and sit at meat in a more honourable place than I, though he came sailing to Rome before the wind that brings our damsons and figs? Is it so utterly of no account that in childhood I breathed the air of Aventine and fed on Sabine olives? Or mark how that race of flatterers most adroit extols the talk of an unlettered or looks of an ugly friend, and compares the long throat of some weakling to the brawny neck of Hercules holding Antaeus aloft from earth, and is in transports at some feeble voice whose tone is as wretched as the squeak of her mate that pecks the hen. We too may try our hand at like compliments, but they convince. Or has he a rival when your Greek in comedy plays a Thais or a wife or a Doris not in mantle attired: why a real female seems to be speaking, not the player. They look the woman to the life. Still in their

own land Antiochus or Stratocles or Demetrius and mincing Haemus will excite no wonder: the whole race are actors born. You smile, he is convulsed with a louder laugh; he weeps if he has caught sight of his friend in tears, yet feels no real grief; if in mid-winter you should ask for a bit of fire he draws his rug round him; if you say, 'I am hot,' he is in a perspiration. We are not then equally matched; the advantage is with the man who can take his expression from another's face, and throw up his hands, ready to congratulate on any common act successfully performed, or if the master's drinking-scoop falls with a crash bottom upwards. Also there's nothing sacred from him or safe from his lechery: not the lady of the household, or maiden daughter, or beardless son-in-law that is to be, or son hitherto uncorrupted—in default of these he debauches the old grandmother. These men wish to learn the secrets of the home and thence be feared. Now since the topic of Greeks is my theme, glance at their philosophers and learn a crime of one who wore the ampler gown. A Stoic was the informer that did Barea to death; his own friend and pupil that old man did to death, who was reared on the river-bank where dropped to earth the wing of the hack that bore the Gorgon's head. There is no place here for any Roman where the monarch is some Protogenes or Diphilus or Hermarchus; such an one never shares his friend but keeps him to himself—it is the failing of the blood. For as soon as he has dropped into the receptive ear a little of the poison of his character and country, I am ousted from the door; the years of my long service

count as nothing: nowhere do men think less of the sacrifice of a dependent.

"Further, since our countrymen must not be screened, of what use to him here in Rome can be his attention or service on the poor man's part, if in full dress he should be at pains to bestir himself, for some praetor is bustling his lictor, bidding him haste with headlong speed, as the childless old ladies have been up some time, for fear his colleague be before him in paying his respects to Mistress Albina or Mistress Modia? Here in Rome the son of freeborn parents gives the place of honour to the rich man's slave; for that other spends the whole salary of a gallant captain in presents to some Calvina or Catiena to enjoy for once or twice her favours, while you, poor friend, when some dressy frail one's face takes your fancy, waver and hesitate to hand your choice from her high sedan. Even if you produce in town a witness as stainless as was he who housed the goddess of Ida, though even Numa come forward or the man that rescued trembling Minerva from the blazing temple, instantly to his income we direct our inquiries, his character is the last thing about which we ask. 'How many servants does he keep; how many acres of land does he hold; how many and how large are the dishes off which he dines?' Each man's credit is gauged by his balance at the bank. Swear if you will by the altars of the gods of Samothrace and our own, the poor man is supposed to make light of thunderbolts and gods, and the gods themselves forgive him. Besides, your poor man too is a butt and subject

for jests if his cloak is dirty and torn, if his robe is a little shabby and one of his shoes shows a hole where the leather is split, or if where a rent has been stitched more than one patch exhibits some coarse fresh linen. The cruellest sting of all that luckless poverty feels is the mockery of men.

"'Outside,' is the word, 'for very shame, and move from the cushioned stalls of the knights you whose income falls below the law's demands; and there must sit the pander's lads born in some nameless stew, there the sleek broker's hopeful must clap his hands beside some bruiser's strapping sons and sons of some trainer.' This is the ordinance of senseless Otho, who gave us each our place. Who was ever here accepted for son-in-law whose income is inferior and no match for the lady's portion? What poor man is named as heir? When is he appointed magistrates' assessor? The needy Romans should in days gone by have left the city once for all in a body. It is hard to rise when straitened means at home conceal men's merits, but harder still is their struggle in the city, where deplorable quarters are dear, and dear the servant's keep, and dear the modest little dinner. You dare not dine off earthenware, though this you will call demeaning no more if suddenly you are transported among the Marsi or to some Sabine repast, content too there with your coarse Venetian cape. If we confess the truth, through the chief portion of Italy no one wears full dress except for burial. Even when the pomp of public festivals is observed in the grass-grown theatre, and at last the

familiar farce has reappeared on the stage, when the village baby on its mother's lap shudders at the gaping mouth of the ghastly mask, there you will see dresses of one pattern, no difference between stalls and gallery, white doublets serve the highest magistrates for robes of their exalted office. In town our dress is smart beyond our means, in town we sometimes borrow from our neighbour's pocket rather more than we require. The fault is general: in town we all live in pretentious poverty. In short, everything in town is costly. What are you prepared to give for the privilege of at last paying your respects to a Cossus, or that a Veiento may deign to look at you though he never open his lips? Suppose one great man is shaving the beard, another cutting off the hair of his favourite: the house is full of cakes, but they must be paid for. Take yours and keep it to stir the leaven of your rage. We dependents must perforce pay blackmail, and swell the perquisites of dandified domestics.

"Who fears or ever feared the collapse of a house at bracing Praeneste, or Volsinii lying amid its woody hills, or old-world Gabii, or on the height of sloping Tibur? The city we dwell in is mainly propped with frail supports; for by such sorry means the agent stays the tumbling piles, and having patched up the fissure of an ancient crack, bids us sleep at ease though threatened with collapse. Where never are conflagrations and never alarms by night, there let me live. Your ground-floor friend is already bawling 'Fire!' and shifting his lumber; already, alack! your third storey is smoking,

yet you know it not: for if the alarm begins at the bottom of the staircase, the last to burn will be the man whom the tiles alone shield from the rain, aloft where the gentle doves lay their tale of eggs. Codrus owned one bed too small for any dwarf, six jugs the service of his sideboard, and beneath a tiny beaker, and a Centaur standing under the same marble slab; and a poor old basket contained his library of Greek poets, and those Vandal mice would gnaw the glorious verses. Poor Codrus owned nothing (I know), still all that nothing the poor thing has lost. While the last drop in his cup of woe is that, when penniless and begging for scraps, nobody will help him with food or lodging and a roof. If my lord duke's palatial mansion is destroyed, each lady wears mourning, peers are prostrate, and my lord chancellor closes his court. Then we deplore the accidents of the town and curse its fires. It is still smouldering, when up rushes some one with a present of marbles and offer of materials; one will give undraped white statues, another some masterpiece of Euphranor and Polyclitus, another some glories in days gone by of eastern temples, another books and a dwarf bookcase, and a bust of Minerva, another a bushel of money. Your Croesus replaces what he lost with objects choicer and better, most prosperous of bachelors, and suspected now with good reason of having set fire to his own house. If you can drag yourself from the city pageants, you may buy a capital house at Sora or Fabrateria or Frusino for the yearly sum you now pay for your dingy den. Here you have a little garden, and a well that is

not deep and needs no rope to work it besprinkles your tiny slips with water easily drawn. Enjoy life, devoted to your mattock, tending your well-kept garden from which you could provide a meal for a hundred vegetarians. It is worth while, however insignificant the place or the retreat, to have made oneself the owner of a single lizard.

"Many a sick man here in town dies from sleeplessness (though the actual ailment was caused by the undigested food clogging the fevered stomach), for where can one sleep well in lodgings? Night's rest costs a princely fortune in town. That's the source of illness. The traffic of traps through the narrow winding streets and shouts at the standstill herd will rob even a Drusus and the sea-calves of their sleep. When a call takes him from home, the rich man will be carried through the retiring crowd and speed above our heads in a spacious Liburnian litter, and read as well on the way or write or sleep maybe inside; for a litter with window closed induces sleep. Yet he will arrive before us poor folk: speed as we may the surging crowd in front arrests us, the throng behind jostles our backs in dense array; there's a knock now from this fellow's elbow, now another knock from that one's hard pole; now this lout bangs my head with a plank, and that one with an oil-jar. My legs are coated with mud; before long I am trampled upon on every side by heavy feet, and find some soldier's hobnail sticking in my toe. Note the thick smoke rising around men crowding to the club banquet. There are a hundred diners, each

attended by his own chafing-dish. A Corbulo could scarcely have carried so many big basins, so many articles upon his head, as those that the luckless wretched servant bears with neck unbent, running to fan the flame. Doublets just mended are torn, a big beam comes swinging along in a lumbering lorry, and another kind of dray is conveying a whole fir tree: aloft they sway and threaten the public. For if a waggon that is carrying blocks of Luna marble suddenly overturns and pours its spilt avalanche upon the living masses, what is left of their bodies? Who identifies the limbs or bones? Each pauper's corpse when crushed vanishes away utterly like his soul. Meanwhile the unsuspecting servants are already washing the plates for dinner, and with puffed cheek blowing up the fire and making a clatter with the greasy flesh-scrapers and laying out the towels after filling the oil-flask. These are the different tasks upon which the slaves are busy, but the victim is already seated on the river-bank, and fresh-arrived is shuddering at the grim ferryman, and dares not hope, poor soul! for the skiff to cross the oozy flood, and has no copper between his teeth to proffer.

"Regard now the different and various perils of the night: how high are the tall roofs from whence a tile comes crashing on your pate; how often cracked and broken pots tumble from the windows, with what weight they dint and damage the basalt pavement as they strike it. You might well be considered careless and heedless of sudden accident if you go out to dinner

with your will unmade: indeed there are as many chances of death as there are watchful windows open this night as you walk by. Therefore you should pray and never omit this plaintive petition, that they may be satisfied with emptying the contents of the foot-pans on you. The drunk and disorderly, who has not had the luck to maul his man, suffers torments, and spends the night like Achilles bemoaning his friend, lying now on his face and now in turn on his back: we find this is the sole condition on which he will be able to rest: it's only a brawl that ensures some people sleep. But although insolent with youth and flushed with wine, he keeps clear of the personage whom a scarlet cloak, and extensive file of retainers, and blaze of torches as well, and a bronze lantern marks as one to be avoided. But he cares not for me, who am generally escorted to bed by the moon or scanty light of a candle, whose wick I husband and economise. Mark the preliminaries for the sorry fray, if fray it can be called, where you deal the blows and I am merely beaten. He confronts me and bids me stop: I must needs obey. For what can you do when a wild fellow stronger than yourself compels you? 'Where do you come from?' he cries. 'With whose vinegar and beans are you gorged? What cobbler has been eating cut leeks with you or boiled sheep's lips? Won't answer? Speak, or I'll kick you. Tell me where is your beat, in what Jew's praying-shop am I to look for you?' If you venture a word or silently make off, it makes no difference: they lay on just the same; next in a passion want to arrest

you for it. This is the poor man's boasted freedom: after a thrashing he begs and after a sound punching he implores to be allowed to leave the scene with a few teeth left. Still this is not all you have to fear. You'll find plenty to rob you, when the houses are barred, and each chained up shop's fittings are everywhere secured and have ceased to jangle. Sometimes too the footpad starts forth and plies his knife—whenever the Pontine marshes and Gallinarian pine-forest are safely guarded by armed patrols: that's the reason why the brigands all hurry thence to town as to a happy hunting ground. What furnace and what anvil is not busy with forging heavy fetters? The best part of our iron goes to make chains, so you may well fear that ploughshares will fail, and pickaxes and hoes run short. Happy our forefathers remote, happy you may call the generations that in bygone days when kings and tribunes ruled saw Rome served well enough by a single prison!

"To these reasons I could have added many others also, but my beasts want me and the sun is setting: I must start, for my driver has long been signalling to me with a crack of his whip. So good-bye, forget me not, and whenever Rome sends you back on a hurried trip for health to your native Aquinum, send for me too from Cumae to Ceres Helvina and your Diana. Unless they scorn me, I will come to your cool country to listen to your satires in my farmer's boots."

SATIRE IV

THE FOLLY OF AN EMPEROR

BEHOLD Crispinus re-enter, and I must often call him for his turn upon my stage, a horror with no one virtue to redeem his vices, a sickly profligate vigorous in lust alone, a lecher that scorns intrigue only with women unwedded. What avail then the stately colonnades in which he drives his beasts, the deep embowering shade of woods through which his litter bears him, the broad acres near the Forum, the mansion he has bought? The wicked hath no peace, least of all the seducer and defiler of holy things, with whom but lately lay a garlanded priestess doomed to entombment with blood yet warm. But now his more venial deeds are my concern; though if another man had done them, he would have been condemned before our guardian of morals; for what would be shameful in honest Titius and Seius was elegant in Crispinus. Description fails when the character is monstrous and fouler than any charge can convey. He bought a mullet for six thousand sesterces, which weighed it is true as many pounds as there were thousands, so the gossips say who make big things ever

bigger in their talk. I commend the rogue's trick, if by so costly a gift he has secured the chief place in some old bachelor's will; his motive is yet stronger if he sent it away for some titled lady friend who is borne abroad in a roomy litter closed with broad windows. Do not imagine anything of this sort: it was for himself he bought it. Much of the luxury we now behold Apicius shrank from, niggard and sparing in our modern eyes. Was this your former style of life, Crispinus, when dressed in the tight cotton doublet of your race? Was this the price you paid for fish? You might I suspect have bought the fisherman for less than the fish. In a province this sum buys whole estates, but greater than others in Apulia. With what sorts of feasts must we suppose that our imperial master gorged himself, at a time when all that money, which yet provided but a tiny fraction of the side-dishes of a little dinner, was hiccoughed back by the purple-robed jester of the august Palace, raised now to be Commander of the Guard, he who once with loud voice used to hawk his native shads bought from some damaged parcel. "Sing heavenly Muse," and on this occasion you may sit to sing; we need no lofty song, but sober truth's the subject. Relate, maids of Pieria; and be kind to me for having called you maids.

When the last Flavius was still mangling an expiring world, and Rome was thrall to her bald Nero, before the fane of Venus that stands in Dorian Ancona, an Adriatic turbot of wondrous bulk was caught, and filled a net: huge was the entangled fish as those that the

Crimean ice encases, and at last thawed by the suns sends swimming out to the mouth of the swirling Euxine, sluggish from idleness and grown fat through the long cold. The master of the boat and net designs this wonder for the supreme Pontiff. For who would have ventured to offer such a fish for sale or buy it, since even the seashore was infested with numerous informers? At once the searchers of seaweed would have instituted proceedings against the defenceless boatman, nor hesitated to aver that the fish had strayed, and had long fattened in the Emperor's fishponds, and as escaped from thence must needs go back to its former owner. So worthy Palfurius and Armillatus rule, all creatures bright and beautiful in the wide sea, wherever they swim, are chattels of the privy purse. So then it must be offered as a present, that it be not wasted. Deadly autumn was just giving place to the frosts, patients just beginning to hope that their fevers were ceasing to be chronic, and unlovely winter with its whistling blasts kept the catch fresh. Still the good man hurries as if the warm south wind was at his heels. And when the lakes lay beneath him, where Alba, though in ruins, still preserves the Trojan fire, and worships her lesser Vesta, for a while the wondering crowd barred his entrance. It gave place, and the folding doors oped with compliant hinge; waiting peers behold the dainty granted audience. Straight he goes to our King of Kings. Then spoke the native of Picenum: "Accept what is too great for a subject's larder; let to-day be spent in feasting; haste to gratify your stomach with good cheer, and devour the

turbot that has been preserved for your reign. The creature wanted to be caught." What could be more gross? Yet the monarch's comb began to rise with pride. When majesty most sacred is extolled there is nothing that it will not swallow. But there was no dish big enough to hold the fish. So to council he summons the lords he loathed, on whose faces reigned the ashy paleness that marks the joyless friends of royalty. The chamberlain cried, "Quick, his Majesty is seated": and first to seize his cloak and hurry up was Pegasus, who lately had been set as bailiff over the terror-struck city. For were not our governors mere bailiffs then? He the best of them, and most upright exponent of the law, held that in all her acts Justice should sheath her sword, even in that reign of terror. There came, too, the kindly old man Crispus, in character and eloquence supreme, a gentle soul. Who could have been a more useful companion to the monarch of seas and lands and nations, if under that scourge and curse he had been suffered to dispraise cruelty and offer honest advice? But what was more irritable than the despot's ear? For his friend's fate hung ever in the balance, when he thought to talk with him about the rains or hot weather or the unsettled spring. Therefore the courtier never tried to breast the stream of the sovereign's will, nor was he patriot enough to give free utterance to his feelings, and sacrifice his life to truth. Thus he saw many winters and eighty summers, with such armour shielded even in that court. Next hurried up Acilius, his peer in years, with his young son, who deserved not the cruel death

that awaited him by his sovereign's daggers' sudden stroke: but an aged noble has long been a marvel passing strange; so rather let me be some great one's insignificant brother. Thus it stood the poor wretch in no stead that in close combat he could spear bears of Africa, stript as a huntsman in the Alban circus. For who now would fail to see through a noble's tricks? Who marvels at the old-world sharpness of a Brutus? It is child's play to dupe an old-fashioned king.

Though no noble born, Rubrius came with mien as cheerless as the rest, guilty in the past of unmentionable crime, but despite it more brazen than profligate turned preacher. Pot-bellied Montanus too is there with lumbering paunch, and Crispinus reeking in the morning with perfumery whose scent two corpses can scarcely outvie, and Pompeius more ruthless than he to cut throats with gentle whisper, and Fuscus who studied war in his marble mansion and was saving his flesh to be carrion for Dacian vultures, and cautious Veiento, and murderous Catullus as well, who was mad with love for a girl he never had seen, a dire and special horror even in this age of ours, a blind sycophant, and worthy the accursed minion to ask alms from the causeway[1] at the wheels of the carriages journeying through Aricia, and blow servile kisses to the trap speeding down the hill. None of them was more astounded at the turbot: for turning to his left he was eloquent in its praise, though the creature was lying on his right. In such fashion he would extol a gladiator's rounds and thrusts and the scaffolding

[1] Or "the cringing courtier".

and lads shot up by it to the awnings. Veiento is not to be outdone, but like a dervish stung by the frenzy you inspire, Bellona, he spells out what is to be, crying, "Herein you have a potent presage of a great and glorious triumph. You will make some monarch your prisoner, or Arviragus will be hurled from his British chariot. The creature is a foreigner, you see his bristles upraised for battle." All that remained for Fabricius was to tell the turbot's birthplace and age. Then says the monarch: "What then do you propose? Shall it be cut up?" "Oh, spare it such degradation," cries Montanus; "let some deep platter be made, enclosing a wide area within its delicate rim. We need some mighty magic potter suddenly appearing to mould the dish. Quick with the clay and potter's wheel, why henceforward potters must be in attendance at your Majesty's court." The proposal, worthy of the man, was accepted. He was versed in the ancient extravagance of royalty and the revels of Nero protracted even to midnight, and the fresh hunger that came when the lungs were fevered with strong wine. None in my day had greater gastronomic skill: whether oysters were natives of Circeii or the Lucrine rocks or bred in the beds of Richborough he had the knowledge to discern at the first bite, and could tell at a glance the habitat of a shellfish.

They rise; and the council is dismissed, and they are ordered to retire, those lords whom the great general had dragged to his Alban fortress, as anxious and in haste as hot as if he had been about to disclose some

news concerning the Chatti and fierce Sycambri, as if some troublous express had arrived on hurried wing from distant quarters of the globe. And I wish that he had chosen rather to devote to follies like this that period of savagery in which he robbed the city of glorious and splendid lives, himself unpunished and immune. But die he did, as soon as the workers began to fear him: that was the death-knell of the tyrant drenched in our noblest blood.

SATIRE V

THE VULGARITY AND MEANNESS OF THE GREAT

IF you still are not ashamed of your purpose and cling to the opinion which regards living on another man's bread as the height of happiness; if you can brook indignities that Sarmentus or despicable Gabba would not have endured at their sovereign's ill-assorted board, I should fear to believe your evidence even on oath. I know nothing more unsophisticated than the belly. But suppose even that little to have been wanting which stays the stomach's craving, are there no vacant steps? Can you nowhere find a bridge or half a beggar's mat to share? Is the insult your dinner costs you worth the price? Is your hunger so famishing, when you might with more decency shiver in the street, and munch dirty scraps of bread fit for dogs?

Note first of all that when bidden to the feast you are receiving payment in full for your past services. Your reward for the great man's friendship is a meal! This my lord reckons as settlement of his debt, and rarely though it comes reckons it the settlement. Thus if after two months' neglect he is pleased to invite his retainer, that the third place of an unfilled couch might

not go untenanted, he "requests the pleasure of your company". Your prayers are granted. What more do you want? Trebius now has that for which he needs must abridge his sleep, and hurry off with shoes untied, for fear the whole crowd of callers may have already finished their round of visits, when stars glimmer faint, and when the lorry of slow Bootes is just veering.

But what a dinner it is! There's wine too bad for soaking fresh wool, and the banquet will become a brawl. Bickerings open the fray, but soon dizzy with drink you'll turn to deeds, hurling the cups and wiping your wounds with blood-stained napkin, as the fight waged with Saguntine crockery rages between you retainers and the troop of freedmen. Meanwhile your host is quaffing old wine bottled when bagwigs were the rage, and holds in his hands the vintage of the civil wars, but will not send a single glass of it to his dyspeptic friend; to-morrow he'll drink a brand from the hills of Alba or Setia, whose growth and date are effaced by age and coated with soot that has gathered on the ancient flagon, wine such as old Thrasea and Helvidius used to drink garlanded with roses on the birthdays of freedom's champions. Virro himself handles massive reliefs in amber and goblets studded with beryl. You are not trusted with gold, or if ever it is assigned you, there is a watcher close by on the spot, to count the jewels and keep an eye on your sharp nails. Don't take offence, it is a splendid jasper that he is praising; for Virro follows the fashion and transfers from his fingers to his cups the jewels which

the knight for whom the lady jilted the jealous Moor used to wear on the surface of his scabbard. You will drain a beaker named after the cobbler of Beneventum with four nozzles which has long needed some "stick-fast" for its broken glass. If my lord's stomach is heated with wine and food, he calls for distilled ice-water colder than Thracian hoar-frosts. I was just now complaining that the wine he sets before you is not the same as his; the very water you drink is different. Some negro makeshift will hand your cups or some bony-handed dusky Moor, a bogey such as you would hate to meet at midnight, while driving past the tombs over the slopes of the Latin Road. My lord will be served by some lily-lad of Asia, bought for more than the whole income of the warrior Tullus and Ancus —in short, for more than all the poor belongings of the old kings of Rome.

This being so, when you're thirsty you must look to your Negro Beauty. A page who cost so many thousands can't condescend to mix their wine for needy folk, though I own his beauty and his youth justify his airs. What an age your black man is in coming to you! What an age the servant who hands the hot and cold water is in coming when you call! For he thinks it shame to obey an old retainer, and shame that you express a want, and shame that you sit at table while he stands. All the houses of the great are packed with insolent domestics. See with what loud grumbling another fellow has handed you the bread that he could hardly tear apart—bits of lumpy dough quite

mouldy, to keep your molars at work impossible to bite. But soft snow-white rolls kneaded of creamy flour are reserved for the master. Be sure to keep your hand from them: respect must be maintained for the *petits pains*. Still suppose you make a trifle free with them, there is some one standing over you to make you put them down: "Have the goodness, you bold guest," says he, "to feed from your proper baskets, and note the colour of your own bread". "Observe it was for this," you reflect, "that I often left my wife in bed and hurried up the steep hill and chilly Esquiline in spring time, when the sky was hissing with pitiless hail and my cloak streaming with the heavy rain."

See with what expansive chest the lobster they are bringing in for my lord graces the dish, with what plentiful asparagus it is walled about, with what a saucy tail it flaunts the guests, as in it marches carried aloft by a tall servant's hands. But before you they set one prawn, bound with half an egg, on a tiny plate—a dinner fit for a corpse. The master souses his fish with oil of Venafrum; but this sickly cabbage that is brought for your hapless self will suggest the lamp's perfume; for you retainers' plates are served with oil which has been brought up the Tiber on some sharp-prowed Numidian junk, oil whose use precludes us Romans from entering the same bath with a Moor, and which also frightens off the venomous snakes. My lord's mullet will have been sent from Corsica or the rock-bound coast of Tauromenium; for all the seaboard of Italy has been ransacked, and has now failed to supply us, in our rage for gluttony, as the

busy nets of the Trade search the depths of our home seas, and we never allow our Tuscan fish to grow to any size. So our dependencies supply our kitchens; from them is procured what legacy hunters may buy, and wealthy ladies sell again. Before Virro is laid the biggest lamprey that has come from the Sicilian Sound, for while Sir Southwind stays at home, and sits and dries his dank pinions in his prison-house, the daring nets brave the whirlpool's midst; for you is reserved an eel, first cousin of a skinny snake, or a Tiber pike flecked with frost-bites, bred like the eel by the river banks, fattened on the outfall of the sewer, and whose habit was to swim right up the drain under the city's busy midst.

I would fain whisper a few words to my lord himself, if he will lend a condescending ear. "No one, Sir, now asks for such presents as were sent by Seneca to his humble friends, or such as kindly Piso or Cotta would bestow. For in the old days the glory of giving was esteemed higher than honours and office. All we claim is that at dinner you show gentlemanly feeling. Do but this, and you may! you may, for all I care, follow the fashion and lavish your wealth upon yourself, but pose as a poor man to your friends."

Before the master is set the liver of a fatted goose, a capon as large as any goose, and a foaming boar worthy of gold-haired Meleager's steel. After this truffles will be handed, if it happens to be spring time, and thunderstorms in answer to his prayer provide an extra dish for dinner. "Keep, Libyan land, your corn

for yourself," our Guzzler cries; "unharness your oxen, if only you send us truffles." Meantime, to complete your contempt, you must watch the carver posturing, and marking the *motive* with his hands with whirling knife, till he carry all his master's lessons into effect: no doubt it makes a vast difference what action is used in cutting up a hare or fowl. If you ever venture a remark, as though you were a freeman born, you will be dragged out by the heels and deposited outside, like Cacus after he had been drubbed by Hercules. When does Virro drink wine with you, or take the glass your lips have touched? What humble person like yourself is so utterly foolhardy, so utterly reckless, as to say to his lordship "a glass with you"? There are many things that men whose clothes are shabby dare not say. If some god or some mere mortal powerful as the gods and kinder than providence had given you the necessary knight's fortune, how dear, how very dear a friend of Virro's you would have grown to be—a nobody no longer! Then it would have been, "Help Trebius; fill Trebius' glass. Will you have a nice slice of undercut?" O, golden guineas, it is to you he is paying this homage, you are his brothers dear. But if you would be a lord and sovereign of your lord, you will have no baby Aeneas playing in your hall, or daughter dearer still. A childless wife makes a man an agreeable and dear friend. But, now that you are poor, if your Mycale is confined and on one occasion presents three boys at a birth on your paternal lap, the great man will be delighted with your prattling nestlings, and will

order the green jockey-coat to be fetched and tiny nuts and the penny that he craves when the baby dependent comes to dinner.

Risky toadstools will be served to his humble friends; to my lord a mushroom, and a fine one too, like those which Claudius ate, before that one his wife gave him, after which he ceased to eat.

Before himself and all the other lords Virro will order those fruits to be set, upon the mere scent of which you must feast, fruits such as those Phaeacia's ceaseless autumn yielded, such as you might fancy had been filched from the sisters of Africa; while you are regaled with a rotten apple such as upon the town-wall is gnawed by the animal which, tricked out with target and helmet, and quailing at the lash, learns to throw a dart from the back of a long-haired goat.

Perhaps you think that Virro grudges the cost. No: his purpose is to pain you; for what comedy or farce is funnier than a distressful stomach! So, let me tell you, the object of it all is to force tears of vexation from your eyes, and make you grind continuously your clenched teeth. You fancy yourself a free mortal and guest of a lord: his notion is that you are caught by his kitchen's savoury smell, and his inference is not amiss. Who, in fact, is so destitute as that he would tolerate him a second time, whether he wore Etruscan gold in boyhood, or a mere neck-band and poor man's leather badge. Your hope of dining well proves vain. "See," I hear you say, "now he is going to give us the half-finished hare; yes, and a bit of boar's haunch; the remains of the

capon will soon be coming to us." That is why you all sit with your bread ready, untasted and grasped for action. He shows his sense in treating you so. If you can endure all insults, you deserve them then. Sooner or later you will proffer your head with shaven crown to be thumped, and quail not at submitting to the cruel whip, worthy of feasts like this and such a friend.

SATIRE VII

THE NEGLECT OF LITERATURE AND EDUCATION

IN Cæsar alone are centred the prospects and motive of literature: for none save he looked with pity on the mournful Muses in this age when poets of already established fame and name were purposing to become lessees of some small bath at Gabii or bakehouses in Rome, and others held it not mean or base to turn auctioneers; when famishing Clio leaving Aganippe's vales was flitting to the auction rooms. For if the groves of Poesy have not a farthing to offer, you must rest content with the name and calling of a salesman, choosing rather to sell what the auction through your hands sells to the bystanders, a decanter, three-legged tables, cabinets, baskets, and this and that poor poet's soaring tragedies unread. Better so, than to assert in court "I saw" what you never saw, though that is what knights from Asia and Cappadocia do, and knights from Bithynia, whom their new-fangled shoe[1] with ankle bare exposes to ridicule. But henceforth no one that adjusts tuneful words to rhythmic measures and has chewed the bay leaf will be found to submit to toil demeaning to letters. Labour at your task, young men.

[1] Or "one shoe with ankle bare".

have tumbled from his Fury's hair, the voiceless trumpet would have sighed forth no note of woe. We demand that poor Rubrenus Lappa should rival the tragedy of olden time, when to produce his Atreus he must needs pawn his plates and cloak! Numitor, poor fellow, has nothing to give to his friend, but plenty to lavish on his mistress; and he has never lacked the wherewithal to buy a quite tame lion that devours pound upon pound of flesh. No doubt the brute costs less to keep, and the poet's maw is more voracious. Lucan may well repose content with his celebrity among the statues of his park, but what will all the fame the world can give profit Serranus and starving Saleius, if it is fame and nothing more? When Statius has made the city happy and fixed a day to read his work, we hurry to listen to his sweet voice and the music of the favourite Tale of Thebes; so potent is the charm with which he enthrals our hearts, with such fervour does the crowd listen: but when he has riven the benches with the thunders of his song, he goes hungry unless he sells his virgin Agave to the actor Paris. It is Paris too that confers on many a commission in the service; it is Paris that puts on poets' fingers the golden ring, by six months' service secured. What peers give not, a player will give. Fret as you will for a Camerinus and a Barea, fret for the stately antechambers of the great: it is a pantomime that makes colonels and captains of us all. But you cannot take it ill in a poet that he lives by the stage. Who nowadays will act the liberal patron like Maecenas, Proculeius, or Fabius?

When shall we see a second Cotta or another Lentulus? In their day talent received its reward: in their day many poets found profit in cheeks pale with the cast of thought, and wine abjured through all the December revels.

Or tell me, writers of histories, does your work win more lucre? On this subject more time and oil are wasted. For scorning any limit you all find page one thousand in your book growing and swelling, bidding fair to ruin you in reams of paper. This is demanded by the vast array of events and the conditions of your labours. But what harvest does it bring you in? What do you reap from ploughing the soil? Who will give to a historian as much as he would have given to one that read him the news?

"Ah," you reply, "the historians are a lazy crew who love to lounge at ease." Tell me, then, what the pleaders' services to their fellow-countrymen bring in, and the big bundle of papers that attend them? They always brag loudly, but especially when some creditor is listening, or if one has nudged them, who, keener than the first, is coming armed with a big ledger to recover a doubtful debt. Then the capacious bellows of the lawyer's lungs breathe forth countless lies, and he splutters over his chest. If you wish to know his real earnings, set on one side the estates of a hundred pleaders, and against them that of one jockey of the Reds. My lords are seated, you rise like Ajax, pale of cheek, to plead before a bumpkin justice for civic rights contested. Burst your poor straining lungs, that when exhausted

you may hoist green palm branches in triumph on your stairs. What fee does your voice secure? A musty flitch of pork and barrel of sprats or mouldy onions, fit rations for Moors, or wine of the North, of that full five flagons. If you have pleaded through four adjournments and get a single guinea for your pains, the attorneys' shares must be deducted according to covenant. Aemilius, the lordling, will be paid the highest legal fee, and yet we have pleaded more cleverly. The reason is that in his porch stands a bronze triumphal chariot with its four towering horses, and a figure of himself seated on a spirited charger brandishes a spear that's bent, and practises his attacks, a statue that has lost an eye. Through such display poor Pedo is bankrupt, and Matho fails, and the same fate befalls Tongilius, who, when bathing, is always served with a superb rhinoceros-horn oil-flask, and mobs the baths with his dirty retinue, and his long litter-pole weighs heavily on his Thracian bearers as he passes through the Forum to purchase slaves and plate and china and country-seats; for his delusive purple robes of Tyrian texture gain him credit. Still this finery serves such men well. His purple and his robes of violet hue give the lawyer vogue. It pays him to live by bluster and ostentation beyond his means, though our spendthrift capital sets no bounds to her extravagance. Can we build hopes on eloquence? Nowadays no one will give a Cicero two guineas unless a huge ring flashes on his fingers. The plaintiff's first thought is whether you have eight servants, ten retainers, a litter attending your convenience, and friends

in full dress marching before. That is why Paulus hired a sardonyx ring to plead with; yes, and that is why he was paid more for his pleadings than poor Gallus or Basilus. Seldom does eloquence go clad in threadbare clothes. When has humble Basilus the chance of producing in court the weeping mother? Who would tolerate Basilus although he argue well? Hie you to Gaul or rather Africa, the nursery of lawyers, if you are bent upon raising money by your tongue.

Perhaps you are a professor of rhetoric. Of iron indeed must be Vettius' heart, when his crowded class does to death each day the horrid despots. For all the lessons they just now conned over sitting at their desks, they will stand up and repeat again to him each the same task; yes, and drone it all over in the same monotonous lines. The cabbage, cabbage every day is the death of poor pedagogues. The extenuation, the specific nature of the case, the point on which it turns, what arguments the other side will probably bring to bear, this everybody wants to know, but no one cares to pay the fee. "Fee, do you claim? Why, what have I learnt?" says the pupil. "Observe the fault is laid to the teacher's door, because there are no wits at work beneath the left breast of the young noodle, whose baleful Hannibal once a week rings in my poor head, whatever question be in debate, whether he should march from Cannae on the capital, whether after rain and lightning he should warily wheel about his brigades dripping by reason of the storm. Name any sum you please and take it at once: what would

I pay that his father might listen to him as often as I must!" That's the general complaint of half a dozen or more instructors of youth, and they turn to pleading real lawsuits, discarding their fancy themes of rape, dwelling no more on poisoned doses, or cruel and ungrateful husbands, or drugs that cure those that have long been blind. The teacher, I conclude, who emerges from his professorial seclusion to the battle of the courts will grant himself his own discharge, if my warnings shall find favour in his eyes, and will start on a different walk of life, for fear he lose even the trifling amount the paltry corn-ticket fetches. For that's a splendid fee. Ask how much Chrysogonus or how much Polio receives for music lessons to smart people's sons, and you will tear up your Theodorus' *Art of Rhetoric.*

Six hundred thousand sesterces for his bath, and more for the colonnade in which my lord may drive when it rains! Or would you have him wait for fine weather and besmirch his beasts with the fresh mud? No; here he should rather drive where his mule is clean and dapper its hoof. In another spot must rise his dining-hall pillared on tall Numidian columns, and catching the sunlight in cold weather. Whatever the cost of his house, there will arrive an expert who can deftly arrange the courses, and another who seasons the savouries. Despite this profusion he will reckon two thousand sesterces an ample fee for Quintilian. On nothing will a father spend less than on his son's education. "Well," you ask, "whence then does Quintilian get all his estates?" We must not adduce

cases of unusual careers. Fortune's favourite is handsome and brave; fortune's favourite being wise and noble and high-born, wears the crescent trinket fastened to his black shoe-strap; fortune's favourite too is the prince of speakers and of sportsmen, and, even when he has a heavy cold, his singing is delightful. For all depends on what stars welcome you as you utter your first baby cries, a rosy new-born child. If chance wills it, from professor you shall become minister of state, and at the will of chance, the minister shall be a drudge once more. For what lesson did Ventidius or Tullius teach? What but the star's influence and wondrous power of mysterious destiny? Destiny will give thrones to slaves, and to prisoners a triumph. But this favourite of fortune is more scarce than even a white crow. Many teachers have tired of their useless and profitless post, as, for instance, the end of Thrasymachus and Secundus Carrinas shows: Carrinas also, O Athens, you beheld in beggary, yet had not the heart to give him aught but a draught of cold poison. Grant to the shades of our ancestors, ye gods, earth above them easy and light, and fragrance of crocuses, and in their tombs unbroken burst of spring, for they enthroned the teacher in the revered parent's place. It was in fear of the rod that Achilles, now grown tall, learnt music on his native hills, and his harper teacher's tail never drew a laugh from him in that age of respect. But now Rufus and others too are belaboured each by their own boys, that Rufus whom those boys have so often styled the Savoyard Cicero.

Who brings to the pocket of Celadus and accomplished Palaemon the equivalent due to their scholastic work? But though their pay is less than the professor's fees, even of the trifling pittance they gain, the dunderhead servant who takes the pupil to school gets his bite first, and the steward secures his pickings. You must acquiesce, Palaemon, and suffer a little leakage of your earnings, like the pedlar who sells rugs for winter wear and snow-white linen of Guienne, provided it be not entirely for dead loss that you have sat to the midnight hour in a place where no artisan would have sat and no instructor in the art of carding wool with comb aslant; provided it be not for dead loss that you have smelt the odour of the many lamps of your boy pupils standing around, with their Horace all discoloured, and the smoke begriming their blackened Vergil. Still it is seldom that your fee does not require a judgment to enforce it.

Nevertheless, ye parents, ordain your remorseless conditions, that the teacher shall be unerring as to the syntax of the language, shall read all histories and know all the authorities as well as his own nails and fingers; that on his way to the public baths or Phoebus' smaller establishment he shall tell us the nurse of Anchises or name and country of Anchemolus' stepmother; that he shall tell how many years Acestes lived, and how many flagons of Sicilian wine he gave to the Phrygians. Insist that he shall mould their pliant natures as with his thumb, like one models the expression in wax. Insist that he shall also play the father to that assemblage,

prevent indecent tricks and mutual corruption. It is no light task to watch the hands of all those boys and their eyes sparkling with delight for evil done.

"If you attend to all this," says the parent, "when the year's course is complete, I will pay you in gold what the people ordains as the champion's prize."

SATIRE VIII

THE DEGENERACY AND CORRUPTION OF THE ARISTOCRACY

WHAT do pedigrees avail, what boots it, Ponticus, to be appraised for ancient blood, to display painted visages of ancestors, and an Aemilianus erect in his triumphal car, and a Curius battered through time's wreck, and a Corvinus lopped of his shoulders, and a Galba robbed of his poor ears and nose; what profit is it that your broad family tree boasts a Fabricius, and then through many a consul traces your lineage to grimy masters of the horse and even a dictator, if you lead a foul life before these great ones? Where is the use in all these busts of warriors if you gamble through the night in the presence of Numantia's conquerors, if you begin your sleep at the day-star's rising when our generals used to march to battle and break up the camp? Why should a Fabius born in the house of Hercules feel pride in a forefather that humbled the Allobroges, and in the august altar, if he is greedy and brainless and softer far than any lamb on the Euganean hills, if by smoothing his delicate waist with Catanian pumice he disgraces his rough ancestors, and through

purchase of poison dishonours his unhappy race by the destruction that befalls his bust?

I care not that old waxen masks on every side adorn your whole hall: goodness is the one and only patent of nobility. Yon must be a Paulus or Cossus or Drusus in character: rank that above the statues of your ancestors; when you are consul let that stand higher in your eyes than even the lictors' rods. I claim from you above all things the virtues of the soul. If by deeds and words you deserve to be esteemed stainless and unflinching in integrity, I recognise the lord: all hail to you, Gaetulicus or, maybe, Silanus, or of whatever other stock you be; a rare and matchless citizen has your joyful country found in you. I long to shout out what the people shouts when Osiris is found. For who will call him noble born that demeans his race and is illustrious only for his great name? We call some one's dwarf Atlas, a nigger Swan, a misshapen and deformed girl Princess Charming; doddering curs grown hairless from chronic mange, which for sheer hunger lick the socket of the lamp whose oil is dry, we style Panther, Tiger, Lion, or by the name of any other fiercer brute that roars on earth; therefore beware and tremble lest you be addressed as Creticus or Camerinus in mockery like these.

For whom is this warning meant? It is to you, Rubellius Blandus, that I speak. You are puffed up with the proud pedigree of the Drusi, holding that you have done some act to make you noble, and justify your birth from a mother illustrious through her imperial

blood, being no son of one that spins for wages under the windy rampart. "You humble folk," you sneer, "are the meanest portion of our masses, for none of you can show his father's birthplace, but I am of ancient royal blood." Long life to you, and endless satisfaction in this your descent. Yet among the humble poor you will discover the nation's gifted speaker; it is he that ever pleads the causes of the unlettered peer; from the poor of Rome will appear the jurist to unravel the knots of the law and riddles of the statutes; another, strong in his manhood and unflagging in war, repairs to the Euphrates and the eagles that watch the conquered Batavian. But you, my friend, are a true royal figure-head, useless as a bust of Hermes. For you differ from it only because its head is marble, while you are a living block. Tell me, my blue-blooded lordling, who would consider dumb animals of a good strain if they be not strong. Why, when we praise speed in a horse, we have in our thoughts the easy winner for whom is the excited clapping of many hands and the pride of victory amid the circus' hoarse applause. No matter from what pasture he comes, that racer is highly bred whose pace outdistances the rest, and who first scours up the dust upon the course. But the scions of Coryphaeus and Hirpinus, if victory has seldom visited their yoke, become selling stock; in their case there is no regard for ancestry, or gratitude to the dead; out goes the order and they change owners for trifling figures; your slow-footed hacks, a breed fit only to turn a mill, drag the traces with blistered withers. Therefore, if we are

to respect yourself and not your extraction, you must show us some achievement of your own that I can inscribe on your escutcheon, beyond those honours which we pay, and have always paid, to those to whom you owe your all.

These are words enough as regards the man whom rumour avers to us to be proud and haughty and consequential through his imperial blood; for very seldom is feeling for others found in that high station. But, Ponticus, I would not see you appraised by the merit of your ancestors if this means that in the future you need yourself show no merit. It is a poor thing to build upon the name of others, lest if the pillars be removed the fabric fall in ruin. A vine left to trail on the ground pines for its widowed elms. Be a good soldier, a good guardian, and an upright judge; if ever you are called as witness in a doubtful and uncertain case, even though Phalaris command you to lie and prescribe perjuries with his bull at hand, hold it unpardonable sin to set existence above honour, and sacrifice the ends of living for life's sake. The man who deserves death is already dead, though a hundred Lucrine oysters grace his dinner, and he be steeped in all the perfumes of Cosmus' distillery. When at length the desired province receives you as its governor, set curb and check upon your passion and greed, pity our destitute subjects (you see in them skeletons of states sucked till the marrow is dry), remember what the laws enjoin, what the senate orders, what high rewards await the just, beneath how well-deserved a bolt fell Capito and

Numitor, those robbers of the robbers, when the senate signed their doom. But what profit does that doom bestow? Chaerippus, you must find some auctioneer to turn your tattered rags into money, for a Pansa fleeces you of what a Natta has left, and instantly hold your peace; it's madness when all else is gone to throw away your passage money to Rome as well. There were not the same complaints in the old days, nor was the wound caused by their losses as great when our dependencies were prosperous and recently annexed. Then every house was affluent, and high its gathered pile of coins, Spartan shawls and scarlet silks of Cos, paintings of Parrhasius, and bronzes of Myron were there, and Phidias' ivory rich with life, and everywhere was Polyclitus' work in plenty, and scarce a table that Mentor had not chased. Then here a Dolabella and there an Antonius, then Verres the spoiler of temples, and many more than he brought home in roomy ships their smuggled plunder and triumphs won from peace. Now our subjects are robbed of their few yokes of oxen, and the scanty herd of brood-mares, and the sire of the stock when the poor farm is plundered, and next even the household gods must go, and each graceful statue, and the solitary deity, if such there be, in the tiny shrine: for these are their choicest treasures now, being the best they have. Perhaps, my friend, you scorn the unwarlike Rhodians and essenced Corinth, you may with justice scorn them. What harm can those men unmanly do you, and the dainty legs of all the men

of Greece? But you must shun rugged Spain, and the land of Gaul and seaboard of Illyria; spare too those harvesters who glut the maw of our city which lives but for the circus and the stage. Further, what rewards will you reap from Africa for your monstrous guilt, since Marius has lately stripped the poor Africans bare? See above all things that no excessive outrage be done to those that have the courage of despair. Though you take from them all the gold and silver they possess, you will yet leave them shield and sword, javelin and helmet: the plundered have still their arms. This statement is no commonplace, but truth: regard my words as an inspired Sibyl's rede. If your staff of officials are guiltless, if no long-haired darling sells you judgments, if your wife is blameless, and Rapine with crooked talons does not set forth to march through all the assize towns and hamlets to plunder, then you may trace, if you will, your descent from Picus, and if you love high-sounding names may place the whole array of battling Titans and Prometheus himself among your forefathers: select your ancestry from whatever legend you please. But if corruption and selfishness transport you in wild career, if you break your rods on our subjects' bleeding backs, if your joy is to see your axes blunted and the headsman faint with slaying, then the lineage of your very parents begins to rise in judgment against you and to flash a bright glare upon your deeds of shame. Every sin of the soul carries with it condemnation more signal when the sinner is reputed of high degree. What are you to me, if your

practice is to sign forged wills in the temples that your grandsire builded and before your victorious father's statue? What are you to me, if you steal out to your adulterous joys by night, with head shrouded and muffled in hood of Aquitaine?

Past ashes and bones of his forefathers in scudding chaise whirls fat Lateranus, and himself the great man locks the wheel with the drag, a consul turned coachman. True, it is at night, yet the moon sees him, yet the stars strain their watchful eyes. When his year of office is accomplished, Lateranus will take his whip in broad daylight, and never shrink from meeting a friend however elderly, and will even officiously greet him with his whip, and will untie the hay and pour out their feed of barley for his tired beasts. Till then, while sacrificing woolly sheep and a dun bullock in the solemn rite by Numa ordained, at high Jupiter's altar he swears by our Lady of Horseflesh alone and the daubs that decorate his reeking stable. But when the fancy seizes him to resort again to the taverns that know no closing time, some Hebrew essenced with constant perfume runs to meet him, some Hebrew who lives at the Gate of Edom hails him as lord and prince with all a host's effusion, and with him bustling Cyane with her jug of wine for sale.

The apologist for his failing will reply, "We too were boys, and did the same". So you were, but of course you have stopped, and not persisted in your folly when a man. The wild oats of disgrace must not last long: there are some sins that should be cut away with the

first beard. Boys may be pardoned: but Lateranus hangs about the drinking-bars and taverns that advertise their wares at an age ripe for war, and for guarding the rivers of Armenia and Syria, and the Rhine and Danube. His manhood might well be spent in fighting for his sovereign. Send him, your Majesty, send him if you will to command at Ostia, but you must hunt for your admiral in some big pothouse. You'll find him seated beside a cut-throat, cheek by jowl with sailors and thieves and runaways, among hangmen and makers of cheap coffins, and some prostrate eunuch priest's timbrels that are resting from their racket. It's a free and easy there: they all share their cups, there's no distinction in places, no table reserved for any one. What would you do, my lord, if you owned a slave like him? Why you would send him to your Lucanian farms or Tuscan bridewells. Yet you aristocrats find excuses for yourselves, and what you hold shameful in a tradesman will be smart in a noble lord.

Oh, the thought that I can never take cases so hideous and scandalous that I cannot find something worse still left.

Your fortune squandered, Damasippus, you hired out your voice upon the stage to play the gibbering ghost in Catullus' farce. Nimble Lentulus too acted Laureolus cleverly, and deserved to be really hung for it, so say I. Still we cannot acquit the public either: too case-hardened is that public which sits and surveys the treble-dyed buffooneries of peers, which listens to a Fabius in the make-up of burlesque, and finds the heart to laugh

when a Mamercus is slapped. For what equivalent they sell their extinction it matter not. They do sell it, though there is now no Nero to compel, and hesitate not to sell it at the pageants where the president sits enthroned aloft. But suppose the alternative be offered of the headsman's axe or the stage, which would you choose? Has any man felt such utter terror of death as to elect to play the jealous husband to a Thymele, or pantaloon to clown Corinthus? Still a noble playing pantomime is no strange thing when his sovereign twangs the harp. What degradation will be left beyond this except the gladiator's troupe? There too you discover a scandal to our city: some noble Gracchus fighting not with helm and visor, nor with shield and curved scymeter (for he rejects such accoutrements—yes, indeed, rejects and loathes them), and he veils not his features with a helmet: see he wields the harpoon: when with a swing of his right hand he has made a false cast with his trailing net, he lifts his face unshielded towards the spectators, and plain to view flies from end to end of the arena. There's no mistaking his doublet, when the golden cord dangles from his neck and flutters from the long guard. So the pursuer pitted to fight with this degraded lord has incurred infamy worse than any wound.

If the nation were granted the secret ballot, who would be so vile as to hesitate to elect Seneca rather than that Nero, for whose punishment not one ape alone, or one viper, or one sack should by rights have been prepared? Agamemnon's son sinned the same sin, but

his motive alters his case. For though by heaven's promptings Orestes avenged his father slain amid his cups, yet he defiled himself not with the murder of Electra or blood of his Spartan wife, he compounded no poisons for his kinsmen, nor ever sang upon the stage, or murdered in verse the Tale of Troy divine. For what act in all Nero's cruel and bloody tyranny called louder for vengeance from Verginius' arms or from Galba and Vindex joined in revolt? Such are the deeds, such the accomplishments of a sovereign of royal birth, whose delight was to demean himself by scandalous singing on a foreign stage, and to have earned the Grecian parsley wreath. Offer to the busts of your ancestors the trophies of your voice, dedicate at the feet of a Domitius your Thyestes' trailing tragic robe, or Antigone's or Melanippe's mask, and hang up your harp on some colossal marble statue.

Where, Catiline, will any one discover birth loftier than yours and that of Cethegus? Yet you devised war by night and fire against our homes and temples, like kilted barbarians' sons and descendants of the Gauls, daring what the law might well punish with a shirt of little ease. But our consul is alert and holds your troops in check. Yonder upstart from Arpinum, no noble born, a knight from a borough town lately arrived in Rome, stations everywhere his helmeted garrison for the panic-struck inhabitants, and is busy on all the seven hills. Thus within the city's walls his gown of peace secured for him name and fame as great as Octavius won in war at Actium, and on the

plains of Thessaly with sword reeking with constant carnage. But the Rome that styled Cicero her parent and the father of his country was still free. Another son of Arpinum used once to seek his daily wages on his Volscian hill, toiling at another's plough, and later felt the sergeant's knotty stick broken on his head, if with laggard pickaxe he worked listlessly at entrenching the camp. Yet he confronts the Cimbri and the state's perilous crisis, and is the single saviour of the terror-struck city. And so when the crows, that had never lighted on huger carcasses, swooped down upon the slaughtered Cimbri, his colleague, though a noble, was decorated with only the second wreath. Souls from the people sprung were the Decii, from the people came their names: yet by the gods of hell and mother earth they were accepted in lieu of whole legions and all our contingents and all the chivalry of Latium: for the Decii were more worthy than all the host they saved. The son of a serving-maid won Quirinus' robe and crown and rods of office, he the last of upright kings. But the traitors who sought to open the bolts of the gates to the exiled despots were the young sons of the consul himself, and men whom rather some great exploit for freedom in peril would have befitted, such as Mucius and Cocles might have marvelled at, and that maid that swam the Tiber, the boundary of our domain. He that revealed to the Senate secret treacheries was a slave for whose death matrons might well have mourned; but scourges and the first axe of the Reign of Law meted out to the offenders the punishment they deserved.

I had rather your father were Thersites, if only you were like the grandson of Aeacus and could wield the arms by Vulcan welded, than that you yourself were a Thersites with Achilles for your sire. And after all, however far you trace back, however far you follow up your name, you derive your lineage from an ill-reputed refuge; whoever he was, the founder of your family was a shepherd or some character I shrink from naming

SATIRE X

THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES

IN all the countries that there be from Cadiz to the East and the Ganges, there are but few men who can set aside the mist of illusion and distinguish true blessings from things far alien from them. For what fears or desires do we entertain on sober grounds? What project do you imagine so auspiciously that you need never rue your effort and the realisation of your petition? The gods have oft destroyed whole households hearkening to the owners' prayers: our aims in peace and war alike will be our bane: rushing wealth of words and their own eloquence brings many men to death: trust in his strength and wondrous thews was the strong man's ruin: yet still more are choked by money too studiously amassed and riches outstripping all other fortunes, as the British whale is huger than dolphins. So it is that in the age of terror at Nero's order a whole troop invested Longinus and wealthy Seneca's stately park and besieged the sumptuous mansion of the Laterani. The executioner seldom visits the lodger's garret. Though few the tiny cups of plain silver which you carry when journeying forth at night, you will fear the sword and lance and tremble

at the shadow of a reed quivering in the moonlight: the penniless traveller will sing in the robber's face. The first of prayers, best known at all the temples, is mostly for riches; that our store may swell, that our balance may be biggest in the bank. But poison is never drunk from earthen mugs: you must needs dread it when you quaff your jewelled cups, and the good wine of Setia sparkles in the broad golden beaker. Seeing this then do you not commend the one sage Democritus for laughing whenever he stirred and set but one foot only outside his threshold, and the master of the other school Heraclitus for his tears? Yet the criticism that consists in a sarcastic smile is easy to all: the wonder is whence Heraclitus drew the moisture for his eyes. Democritus used to shake his sides with constant laughter, though the cities of those times could show no fringed or scarlet robes of state, or rods of office, litter or judgment-seat. What if he had seen a praetor upreared in his high chariot and exalted amid the dust of the circus, arrayed in the doublet of our god and wearing the Tyrian drapery of the broidered robe upon his shoulders, and with the great round crown, whose massive circle no neck of man can support? For the state servant sweats who lifts its weight, servant and minister riding in one car, that the minister may abate his pride. Add too the eagle rising from his ivory baton; on this side the trumpeters, and on that the homage of the long column marching before him, and citizens of Rome in snow-white apparel beside his bridle, whose friendship he has won by the dole

stored safely in their purses. Even in his day Democritus found matter for laughter in every encounter with his fellow-men, that sage whose wisdom proves that men of mark, destined themselves to furnish lofty models, can be born in a land of dullards and under a leaden sky. He would laugh at the interests and pleasures of the crowd, sometimes even at their tears, while for himself he bade fortune with her threats go hang, and pointed at her the finger of scorn.

It results then that the things for which it is our lot to pray to the gods are useless or well-nigh injurious. Some are hurled to ruin by power assailed by bitter jealousy, the long and splendid record of their dignities engulfs them. Down are their statues thrown and haled by the rope, and then the axe's stroke shatters the very wheels of the chariots and the legs of the unoffending hacks are broken: now the fires roar; now that head, the nation's idol once, is burned with bellows and furnace, and mighty Sejanus crackles, then of that face that owned but one over-lord in all the world are made jugs, foot-pans, frying-pans and vessels of dishonour. Festoon your house with bay-leaves, lead to the capitol a huge pipe-clayed ox: Sejanus is dragged by the hangman's hook for a show amid the general joy. "What scornful lips and looks he had! I never liked the fellow, I swear. But on what charge was he found guilty? Who, pray, was the informer; by what approvers, by what witness did he make good his case?" "There was nothing of that sort. A wordy prolix despatch arrived from Capri." "That is enough; I ask no

more. But what of Rome's rabble?" It sides as usual with fortune, and loathes guilt found out. If his Tuscan Destiny had smiled upon her child, and the aged sovereign had been stricken unawares, that same nation would at this very hour have hailed Sejanus as its liege. Since we have had no votes to sell, the nation has long ago bidden its cares adieu; for that former dispenser of commands, rods of office, regiments and everything now has humbler aims, and prays with all its heart for two things only—bread and pageants. "I hear there will be many executions." No doubt of it: the sorry furnace is a huge one. "My friend Bruttidius met me at Mars' altar, looking a trifle haggard; how afraid I am that our Ajax pronounced inferior will wreak vengeance for our guard ill-kept. Let us rush headlong, and while he yet lies on the river-bank trample our sovereign's foe beneath our feet. But the slaves must see it, that none of them gainsay us, and drag his terrified master by the neck into the dock." Such were the comments then upon Sejanus, these were the bated whispers of the mob. Do you wish to be resorted to like Sejanus, to have wealth as great as his, and bestow on one the ivory chairs of exalted office, and set another in command of armies, and be counted the guardian of our Emperor perched with his herd of wizards on Capri's narrow cliff? Certainly you wish for pikes and soldiery, splendid troopers for your escort and household guards. Why not desire such things? Yet what splendours and successes are worth the price, if the amount of ills they bring is as great as their delights? Would you rather

wear the robe of him who is now dragged in scorn, or be mayor in Fidenae or Gabii, and pass judgment upon weights, and break up short measures, a tattered official in unpeopled Ulubrae? You therefore admit that Sejanus knew not what he should have craved; for while craving excessive dignities and seeking excessive wealth, he was rearing storey upon storey of a lofty tower, from which his descent might be from the greater height, and horrible the steep that yawned upon his tottering downfall. What overthrew great Crassus or great Pompey and that Caesar who enslaved and bent the Romans to his bondage? Surely it was the straining by every device to win the highest place, and proud prayers listened to in far heaven by gods displeased. Few kings go down to Ceres' son-in-law without a stab and wound, few despots by a bloodless death.

Each little boy that with one single penny as yet sues to his humble Pallas, attended by a small servant in charge of his tiny satchel, prays above all things, and prays throughout his spring holiday, for Demosthenes' or Cicero's silver tongue or glory. But by their silver tongue those speakers fell; that full flaunting well of genius brought death to each. It was the hand and neck of genius that were cleft by the axe; for never has the platform dripped with a feeble pleader's blood. "Rome, blessed state, born in my consulate." Cicero might have scorned the daggers of Antony had all his utterances been such. It is better to pen contemptible lines like that, than thee, inspired Philippic, of glorious renown, to which we turn second on the roll. A cruel

end, too, hurried away that other at whose whirling words Athens marvelled as he curbed the wild will of the crowded theatre. Under the frown of God and unfriendly destiny was he born whom his father, bleareyed from soot of glowing ore, sent from coal and pincers and anvil of the sword factory and lurid fire to learn the speaker's art.

Spoils of war, a breastplate fastened to stumps for trophies, and cheek-piece hanging from the battered casque, and yoke without its pole, and flagstaff of a defeated battleship, and mournful prisoner carved aloft on the triumphal arch, are deemed blessings more than human. This was the goal of each grand old general's high hopes, Roman and Greek and barbarian alike; these were his incentives to peril and toil. So much fiercer is the thirst for glory than for goodness. For if you take away her prizes, who seeks goodness for her own sake? Yet ere now their country has been humbled by the vanity of one or two, and lust for renown and an eulogy that may cling to the stones that guard their ashes, stones that the malign forces of the barren figtree are able to dislodge, for even tombs have their appointed time to cease. Weigh Hannibal in the scales; how many pounds now in that peerless general will you find? Yet this is the "majestic lord" for whom all Africa is too small, Africa lashed by the Moorish main, and stretching eastward to the warm Nile, and southward again to the tribes of Aethiopians and elephants of other climes. Spain is added to his dominions; he leaps across the Pyrenees. Nature has barred his march

with Alp and snow, but he splits the rocks and rends the mountain with vinegar. Now he has reached Italy, but forward, ever forward, he presses. "Nought is achieved," he cries, "unless our Semite soldiery batter in Rome's gates and I plant my flag in the city's busy midst." Oh, what a visage, how worthy of the painter's brush, the one-eyed general astride of his Gaetulian elephant! What after all is his end? Alas for ambition! See, he is conquered in his turn, and flies headlong into banishment, and there he sits in a king's antechamber, a great retainer to stir the wonder of the throng, until such time as it pleases his Bithynian highness to wake. The spirit that once disturbed all the world shall be checked not by swords or stones or darts, but by the poisoned ring that wreaks vengeance for Cannae and requital for a nation's blood. On, madman, hasten over the bleak Alps to be the schoolboy's idol and some preacher's text. One globe is too little for the warrior of Pella: he chafes, poor fool, at the world's narrow compass, like a prisoner on Gyara's crags or Seriphos' islet. Yet when he has entered the town that bricklayers built he will rest quiet in his stone coffin. Death, and death alone, betrays how paltry are our poor human bodies. The world believes that once ships sailed through Mount Athos, and many another lie that Grecian story dares to record, how the sea was paved by that same fleet and set for a road beneath the chariot wheels. The world believes that deep rivers ran dry and streams were drunk by the Persian host for breakfast, and the fables that Sostratus sings in heated frenzy. Yet in

retreat from Salamis in what plight did that barbarous monarch return who oftentimes had lashed in his fury North-wester and South-easter, that had never suffered such affront in their Aeolian dungeon, he who had bound the Earth-shaker himself with iron fetters, showing some mercy, I grant, in not also holding him worthy to be branded—would any god have consented to take service under such a master? But in what plight did he return? Why with one poor ship, over blood-stained waves, his prow moving slowly amid the mass of corpses. Such punishment was exacted by the glory that was ever in his prayers.

"Grant me length of life, Jupiter; grant me many years." This is your prayer when in health the eye flinches not, this too your only prayer when sallow with sickness. But how constant and how keen are the trials that compass lingering old age. See, above all, the unsightly loathsome look from the self how changed, the unsightly hide that serves for skin, and sunken cheeks and wrinkles like those the mother ape scratches on her aged jowl in the wide timbered jungles of Thabraca. There are many diversities in manhood: this one is handsomer than that, and that one than another, this one is stronger far than that: the aspect of the old is one for all: doddering limbs and voice, and scalp now hairless and nose drivelling in second childhood, and toothless gums with which the poor thing must chew his bread: so odious is he become to his wife and children and himself, that even the fortune-hunter Cossus would turn from him in disgust. His dull taste

can no longer relish wine and food. The joys of sex are long forgotten. The mere attempt betrays his palsied energy which no art can stimulate . . . (204–209). Now note the loss of another sense. For what joy has he in the music of some harpist, however excellent he be, or of Seleucus, and those that dazzle with cloak of purfled gold? What matter where in the huge theatre he sit, for he will scarce catch the sound of the clarions and blare of the trumpets. His servant must shout to make him hear the caller's name, or what o'clock it is. Besides the scanty blood in his now chilly frame warms with fever only; all kinds of ailments, a perfect army, dance around him: their name is legion; sooner could I run through the list of Oppia's gallants, or the patients Doctor Themison has killed in one autumn season, or the partners Basilus has cheated, or wards by Hirrus duped, or friends the tall harlot Maura is at home to in one day, or pupils by schoolmaster Hamillus debauched. Sooner could I run through the list of manors now owned by the barber under whose razor my stiff beard rasped in my early manhood. One poor creature suffers in the shoulders, another in the waist, another in the hip, another is blind of both eyes and envies the one-eyed; this man's bloodless lips take his food from another's fingers: the old creature who once would grin with broad delight at the sight of dinner can only open his jaws like a young swallow, to which the mother famishing herself flies up with laden beak. But worse than all loss of limbs is the failing mind that recognises not the servants' names or features of the

friend of last night's dinner, or the children begotten and reared. For by an unnatural will the kindred are disinherited, the whole estate is devised to Phiale; such power has the breath of her roguish mouth, after service of many years in a brothel's prison. Even if the powers of his mind remain unclouded our greybeard must yet follow his sons' bodies to the grave, must behold the pyre of his dear wife and brother and funeral urns filled with his sister's dust. Such is the penalty assigned to long lives, blow upon blow ever striking the home, and an old age of mournings manifold, and constant gloom in the sable garb of woe. King Nestor, if one may trust immortal Homer, was a case of long life rivalling the crow. Happy no doubt is he who has baffled death through all those generations and is now beginning to count his years on his right hand, and has tasted so often the fresh vintage. Yet mark for a moment, I pray, his bitter repining at the laws of destiny and his protracted skein of life, when he sees the blazing beard of brave Antilochus, and asks of all his comrades around him why he survives to this date, what deed he has done to deserve so long a life. The same too is the complaint of Peleus weeping for Achilles snatched to death, and of that other whose fate it was to bewail his son, the Ithacan, afloat. While Troy was still unconquered Priam might have gone down to the spirit of Assaracus in royal pomp, Hector and all his brothers bearing the dead body on their shoulders, amid the tears of Ilion's daughters, so that Cassandra would have led the cries of wailing and Polyxena

rending her raiment, had he closed his life at some other time, ere Paris had essayed to build his daring ships. So what boon did his long span confer upon him? He saw the general wrack and Asia sinking under flames and sword. Then he doffed his crown and donned his arms, a palsied warrior, and fell before high Jupiter's altar, like an old steer that when at last rejected by the thankless plough proffers its poor lean neck to its master's knife. His was at least a human being's end, but his wife survived him only to growl savagely with a cur's gaping mouth.

I hasten to our countrymen and pass by the King of Pontus and Croesus, whom righteous Solon's gifted voice bade look to the lap that ends a long life. Banishment and dungeon and Minturnae's marshes, and the bread begged in vanquished Carthage, had all their origin in length of life. What more blessed than this our countryman in all the wide world could nature or could Rome have ever produced, if after marching the array of prisoners through the city with all the circumstance of war he had breathed forth his noble life when in act to alight from the chariot of his Teutonic triumph? Campania in her forethought had given Pompey the fever he should have desired, but countless towns and a nation's prayers prevailed, and so it was that the fortune of himself and Rome struck from him after defeat the head she had preserved. Lentulus was spared such torture, and Cethegus such punishment, for in death he saved his head, and Catiline bit the ground with corpse unmutilated.

Beauty for her boys in bated breath, and for her girls in louder tones, the eager mother craves in sight of Venus' shrine, with daring fancies in her prayers. "But why reproach me?" she cries; "Diana's beauty is Latona's joy." But consider how Lucretia forfends that maid should pray for fatal beauty such as hers. Verginia would have gladly taken Rutila's hump, giving her person to Rutila instead. And a son of handsome person is always a torment and terror to his parents; so seldom do beauty and purity go hand-in-hand. For though the strict home, moulded on old-world Sabine training, has handed down from sire to son the spotless character, and though too bountiful Nature with lavish hand gives a pure heart and cheek mantling with modest blood (for what better boon can Nature grant the boy, Nature more powerful than guardian and closest watch?), your boy shall not become a man. For the tempter's lavish wickedness ventures to bribe even the child's parents. Such belief has he in gold. Never has despot in his castle of horror made eunuch of an unsightly youth; never did Nero ravish a boy that was bandy-legged, or scrofulous, or pot-bellied or hump-backed. Go to, and exult in your youth's beauty, for whom especial perils are in store. He will become the town's wanton, and must suffer all the vengeance of the angry husband which he dreads: no luckier in his star than Mars, that he should never be entrapped. But sometimes the husband's resentment claims more than any law has permitted to resentment; one kills the paramour with the sword, another lashes with blood-bedabbled stripes,

SATIRE XI

THE VIRTUES OF PLAIN LIVING

IF Atticus dines sumptuously he passes for stylish; in Rutilus it's madness. For what more general laughing-stock is there than a poor epicure? Rutilus is the talk of all the dinner-tables, the bars, the lounges and every theatre. For while his strong manly frame might wear the helmet, and the blood is hot in his veins, he goes on his wild career that must surely end in his subscribing to the trainer's rules and imperious contract, not at the tribune's instance, it is true, but neither disallowed by him. Many also you see for whom the often-baffled money-lender stands waiting close by the market gate, creatures that live but for their stomach's sake. The neediest of these wretches dines each day more delicately and richly, though the crash must soon come and ruin stares him in the face. Till the fatal hour they ransack for fresh dainties earth, air and water—the price never curbs their fancy: on closer consideration you will find their joy increases with the sums they will be forced to pay. So by pawning their plates or melting the metal of a mother's bust they do not find it hard to scrape together the sum they would squander, and heap with dainties their

luxurious delf, cost what it may: this is their progress to the gladiator's skilly. In these feasts then we see it is all-important who is the giver; for what is extravagance in a Rutilus wins a grand name in a Ventidius, and gathers lustre from his wealth. I might fairly despise one who knows how much higher Atlas is than all the mountains in Libya, while he yet knows not the difference between a little purse and a big balance. From heaven comes the precept "Know thyself"; this you must print and ponder unforgetting in your heart, whether your aim be a wife or seat in the august senate (inasmuch as Thersites aspires not to Achilles' breastplate, in which Ulysses cut a sorry figure), or whether you would be counsel in a critical case of high importance; question yourself, read your own character, whether you be a moving speaker or blatant like Curtius and Matho. Each man must learn his own measure and consider it in things great and small alike, even when it is a fish that must be bought, that you may not set your heart on a mullet when your purse can afford but a gudgeon. For what end will be yours with failing means and waxing appetite, when you have sunk your fortune and substance in gluttony that devours investments and massive plate and flocks and estates? Such proprietors at last, after all else, lose even the signet of their rank: his ring is gone and Sir Polio is a beggar. The terror that extravagance should evoke is not the early grave or untimely demise, but old age to be dreaded worse than death. Listen to the Road to Ruin. The borrowed money is wasted at Rome under the lenders'

eyes. Then when some trifling fraction still is left and the advancer of the loan is looking anxious, they give leg-bail and hurry off to the oyster-beds of Baiae. For to disappear from 'Change is now no worse than to move from the crowded Subura to the healthier Esquiline. The only pang, the only grief those exiles feel is that for one long year they have not witnessed the pageants. No drop of blood can their faces show to raise a blush; they laugh at shame, and few seek to arrest her flight from town.

Persicus, you shall prove to-day whether I fail to make good to you in my modes of life and in act this lofty language, by praising simple viands, but feasting in secret, by ordering porridge for dinner before my friends, but whispering to the servant "trifle to follow". For being engaged to dine with me, you shall find me simple as Evander; I'll treat you like Hercules of Tiryns or that less stately stranger who still was born of stock divine, Aeneas by water, Hercules that other by fire to heaven translated. Now learn my bill of fare not furnished from the market. There will be a plump little kid from my farm at Tibur, of all the flock none tenderer than he, of grass he reeks not, and has never ventured yet to nibble the low-lying willow twigs, more milk than blood is in his body; there will be also mountain asparagus, the farmer's wife has left her spinning-wheel to cut it. Big eggs, too, I have nestling warmly on wisps of hay, beside the hens that laid them; and grapes that have been kept for half the year as fresh as when they hung upon the vines, and pears of Signia and Syria; and from

the same hampers fresh smelling apples Picenum scarce can match; you need not fear them now that winter's cold has dried their autumn freshness, and they have lost their dangerous unripe juice. In days gone by this would have proved quite a grand dinner for a peer. Old Curius himself used to set to boil upon his tiny range the poor vegetables he had cut in his little garden, but now the dirty ditcher labouring in heavy chains scorns such fare, remembering some steaming cook-shop's savoury tripe. The ancient practice was to keep for holidays a flitch of dried pork that hung on the wide-barred rack, and to regale the family on bacon at birthday treats, with fresh meat only when a sacrifice supplied it. Some relative who had twice borne the consulship, led armies in the field, and been styled dictator, would leave his work sooner than his wont for such a feast as this, bearing his spade upon his shoulders from the hillside where he dug. And when men quailed before a Fabius and stern Cato, a Scaurus and Fabricius, and to crown all, even a censor quailed at his colleague's unbending nature, no one thought to reckon among his cares and grave concerns what sort of turtle was swimming in the ocean wave, soon to form the dazzling and splendid head-rest of some blue-blooded lord's settee, but on tiny couches with uncarven side was a brazen head-piece, displaying the cheap adornment of an ass's head with vine-leaf chaplet, beside which the sportive country children used to romp. So food and house and furniture were all in keeping. The rough soldier of those days, no connoisseur in Grecian works of art, when the cities' sack was done,

finding in his share of booty goblets chased by famous artists, would melt them down that his horse might be gay with medallions, and his graven casque display to the doomed foeman the figure of the wolf of Romulus constrained by Empire's destiny to gentleness, and the royal twins beneath the cliff, and the figure unaccoutred with shield and spear of the god advancing poised in mid-air. So they would serve their porridge in a bowl of Tuscan earthenware; such silver as they owned glittered only on their arms. All that old world you would envy, if the faintest jealousy you own. Also the mystic presence in the temples was nearer to men, and a voice was heard about midnight and in the city's midst when the Gauls marched from the Atlantic shore and the gods performed the prophet's part. By such words did our god warn us, such pains he loved to spend on Latium's weal, though wrought of clay his image and never demeaned by gold. That age saw tables fashioned in Italy of Italian wood: if some gnarled walnut tree chanced to fall before the east wind, its logs were stacked ready for use. But now our rich men have no enjoyment of their dinner, turbot and venison are tasteless, perfumes and roses seem stale, unless the broad round tables be supported by massive ivory and some rampant panther with wide gaping jaws, wrought of the tusks Syene's defile sends us, and the swift-footed Moors and Indian duskier of skin than they, and others shed by some elephant in Nabataean jungle, when grown too heavy and burdensome to his head. Thus the appetite is whetted, thus the stomach gathers strength; for they think as meanly

of a silver pedestal as of an iron ring upon the finger. Hence I avoid a proud guest, who contrasts me with himself, and scorns my humble means. So far am I from owning one single ounce of ivory that even my dice and draughtsmen are not made of that substance; even the very handles of my knives are of bone. Yet none of my victuals are ever the least trifle spoiled for that, nor the fowl cut worse.

But I shall have no carver either, cleverer than any in the whole carver's school, a pupil of Doctor Dainty, in whose establishment, to say nothing of a huge haggis, hare and wild boar and antelope and pheasants and a huge flamingo and African gazelle, a sumptuous dinner, though all of elm-wood models, are carved with blunt knives whose clatter fills the whole Subura. Nor does my fellow know how to purloin a slice of venison or guinea-fowl's breast; a mere novice he and always unsophisticated, and practised only in the larceny of some tiny scrap. Dressed in no smart livery, though still protected against cold, my page will hand round common glasses bought for a few pence. There will be no Phrygian or Lycian, no attendant from dealer bought: however fine the dish, ask in homely Latin. My servants all wear the same simple dress, with close-cut straight hair, and combed to-day only because there's company. One is some hardy shepherd's, another a neatherd's son. My page of gentle look and gentle modesty, such as each lad should be that is attired in flaunting purple, sighs for the mother he has not seen so long, and sadly pines for the little cottage and

familiar kids . . . (156-158). He will hand you wine bottled on his native hills, under whose peaks he played: for in the selfsame country did wine and servant see the light. Perhaps you look for girls, a troop of singers, who will begin some wanton Spanish dances, and greeted with applause will curtsey to the ground with quivering hip. Young brides behold such sights, their husbands seated by their side, sights that in their presence one would blush to describe, an incentive to jaded appetite, and nettle sharp to sting the rich man's lust, though such pleasure is keener in womankind: with wilder rapture they are thrilled, and soon are drunk with passion, eyes and ears alike. My humble house shows no such follies. The clang of castanets, and phrases that a naked strumpet standing in a foul brothel shrinks from using, are for my lord's ears, filthy words and every art of lust must my lord enjoy, my lord who recklessly spits on his floor of Spartan marble the wine he samples: for in the rich wealth atones for everything. Gambling is a scandal, and intrigue a scandal to humble folk; but though our noble lords practise the same we call them gay smart people. Our entertainment to-day shall offer other delights. My man shall read us Ilion's bard and mighty mouthed Vergil's lays that challenge Homer's pinnacle of glory. Such noble lines must charm, whatever voice read them.

But now throw off your cares, cast business to the winds, and give yourself a welcome holiday. When might you idle for a whole day long? Of investments

we must speak not, nor must your wife stir your silent rage for leaving home at daybreak and returning at nightfall as her custom is, with muslin wet and rumpled suspiciously, hair ruffled, and fevered cheeks and ears. Instantly at my door arrived cast off your troubles: forget home and servants and all they break and waste, but chiefly forget the thanklessness of friends.

Meanwhile in town the sightseers are thronging to the Phrygian festival of the great mother's "cloth," and in miniature triumph the praetor sits aloft, victim of horseflesh, and (without offence to our countless overgrown populace, may I say it?) all Rome to-day is at the circus, and a roar strikes my ear, from which I infer that the green rag has won. For had it been beaten, you would have seen our city gloomy and appalled as when her consuls were defeated on Cannae's dusty plain. Such sights are for young men, with whom accord shouts and reckless betting, and a smart lady by their side. Our dry old shrivelled skin shall bask in the spring sunshine, avoiding the cumbrous gown. Though it wants a full hour till midday, you may go straight to the bath without a blush. You could not do so for five successive days, for even such a life would greatly pall. Sparing indulgence sharpens pleasure's zest.

SATIRE XII

A SHIPWRECK AND ITS MORAL: AFFECTION SHOULD BE GENUINE, NOT SIMULATED

SWEETER to me, Corvinus, than my own birthday is this morn, on which the merry turf-built altar awaits beasts vowed to heaven. A snow-white lamb for Queen Juno we are leading, fleece white as his shall be offered to the goddess whose weapon of battle is the Gorgon of Afric; but the skittish victim destined for Tarpeian Jupiter makes the loose trailing rope quiver and tosses his head, for he is a mettlesome bullock ripe for temple and altar, and worthy to be sprinkled with wine, and already is ashamed to drain his mother's teats, and bruises the oak-trees with his sprouting horn. If I had had great wealth at home equal to the love I bear my friend, a bull fatter than fat Hispulla should have been haled along, unwieldy from his mere bulk, not reared on Campagna grass, but with blood proclaiming the rich pastures of Clitumnus, and neck meet to be cleft by the burly slaughter-man, he should have marched up, to mark my friend's home-coming who is still terror-struck and has just passed through terrible adventures, and marvels at his safe arrival. For besides the dangers of the deep he has

escaped also the lightning strokes. Thick darkness veiled the sky in one cloud, and a sudden flash smote the yards, and each man fancied himself struck, and, instantly bewildered, thought that a shipwreck with sails on fire is of all things the crowning horror. Everything occurs with the selfsame appalling details whenever a storm starts up in epic verse. Now observe and listen to another phase in the danger he incurred, and give him your sympathy again, though all the rest I have to tell is but a portion of the same catastrophe, terrible enough, but experienced by many, and attested by the votive picture in numerous temples; all the world knows that painters make their bread by Isis' temple. The conventional disaster happened to my friend Catullus like the rest.

When the hull was full of water to the middle, and as the waves were now heaving up each side in turn of the poop of the rolling timbers, seeing that the white-haired helmsman's skill was powerless to aid, he began to compound with the winds by jettison, like the beaver that gelds itself, hoping to save its life by sacrificing the parts men prize for drugs so highly. "Overboard with all my property," cried Catullus, eager to throw out even his finest possessions, purple raiment a dainty Maecenas might well have worn, and other robes the wool of whose parent sheep was dyed by the virtue of the rich pasturage, though the mystic powers of the rare spring-water and clime of Guadilquiver assist as well. He hesitated not to cast away plate, dishes Parthenius had moulded, a bowl that held three gallons,

such as Centaur Pholus might have drained or Fuscus' drunken wife; baskets too there were and platters uncounted, and many carven cups quaffed once by the cunning king who bought by bribes Olynthus' fall. But now-a-days I ask what other man, yes, who in all the world, dares to value life above plate, and safety above property? For men I know who do not make fortunes to live, but blind through the failing live only to make fortunes. Away he throws most of his stores, but even these losses do not bring relief. Then in misfortune's grip he must needs cut away the mast, and thus frees himself in his straits. It is peril dire indeed when the safeguards used must cripple the ship. Go to now, hand your life over to the winds' mercy, trusting to hewn timber, separated by four or at most seven fingers' breadth of deal from death; besides the sacks and bread and bellying flagon look out betimes for axes for your use in storms.

But now that the sea has grown calm and smooth, now that the traveller's happy hour arrives, and his destiny triumphs over wind and sea, now that the cheerful Fates with friendly hand begin to spin off kindlier yarn, spinners they of white thread, and a wind arrives hardly stronger than a gentle breeze, the prow sped on pitiably with feeble makeshift, sailing with clothes for canvas and its proper jib, the one sail left. The south winds dropped and hope of life revives with sunshine. They then catch sight of the towering peak Iulus fancied, and chose to be his home rather than his step-mother's Lavinum, named from the white pig, the

sow that moved the joyous Trojan's pity, noteworthy for her thirty nipples, sight unparalleled. At length he passes inside the piers built out upon the waters they enclose, and lighthouse on the Tuscan shore, and breakwaters stretching out curved inwards, which confront the open sea, projecting far from the Italian coast: harbour thus more wonderful than any nature has contrived. So with his crippled ship the skipper makes the inner still water of the safe basin which a skiff of Baiae might cross. Here the sailors shave their heads in thanks to heaven and delight to tell again the story of perils past.

Bestir yourselves then, servants mine, with reverent lips and hearts, set garlands on the shrines and meal upon the sacrificial knives, and deck the soft altars and their green turf. I will quickly follow, and having duly performed the chief rite, I will go back to my home where glistening with coating of crumbling wax the little images are decked with slender wreaths. Here I will entreat the favour of my domestic Jupiter and offer incense to my family Lares, scattering pansies of every hue. There's smartness everywhere; my door has hoisted tall branches of bay, and pays festal worship with lamps alight at early dawn. And you must not misdoubt my zeal, Corvinus. Catullus, for whose homecoming I am rearing all these altars, has three little ones to be his heirs. We might wait a long while before any one would invest a sick fowl with glazing eyes on his prospects from so profitless a friend. Fowl, did I say? Why, that is too costly an outlay. No one

will ever kill even a quail for a family man. If Mistress Gallitta and Paccius, these childless rich, show symptoms of fever, their colonnade is dressed out from end to end with documents duly pinned up, persons come forward with vows of an hundred oxen, for in Rome there are no elephants nor can one buy them, nor is that costly beast bred in Latium or anywhere beneath our zone, though procured from the swarthy East they graze among the Campagna brakes and in Turnus' domain, royal brutes, that may never own a subject for their master, for the elephants of old time from which they draw their lineage were obedient only to great Hannibal of Carthage or the generals of Rome or Epirus' king, and bore warriors upon their backs, a mighty muniment of war, and towers to battle moving. So it is no fault of Novius, no fault of Pacuvius Hister, if the ivory of such is not brought to the altars, and offered to Gallitta's household gods, as the only oblation worthy of deities so great, and those that court their gold. For the second of these worthies, should you allow him, will devote to sacrifice all the tall and comeliest persons of his troop of slaves, or set sacrificial wreaths on his pages and the brows of his bondwomen, and if he have some daughter ripe for marriage as Iphigenia in his house, will offer her at the altar, though he dare not look for the hind of tragic story as secret offering in her stead. Ah, fellow countrymen, wise in your generation! what are a thousand ships to a will? For if the sick man escape from death he will destroy his last testament, caught in the angler's net, after service truly signal, and by a stroke of the pen he

will bestow his all on Pacuvius, who will strut proudly vaunting over his beaten rivals. So you see the slaughter of his Iphigenia was well worth the cost. Long life to Pacuvius; may he rival Nestor in age, and Nero in the vastness of his ill-gotten wealth; mountains of gold may he amass, but never know what thing it is to love or to be loved.

SATIRE XIII

THE PUNISHMENT OF SIN

EVERY deed of evil import is condemned by the doer. The chief punishment is that conscience never acquits the guilty, though shameless favouritism may have triumphed with a dishonest bench.

What, my Calvinus, do you think is the general opinion about the late crime and offence of breach of trust? Though your means are not so slender, that the weight of a slight loss need overwhelm you, and misfortunes like yours we often see; your fate has been experienced by many, and is now common, and drawn from Fortune's ordinary heap of accidents. We should avoid extravagant lamentations. A man's resentment should not be wild above reason or disproportioned to the blow. Can you scarce bear the smallest trifling fraction of misfortunes, however trivial, but rage with boiling heart, because your friend will not refund the hallowed trust-monies? Can this surprise a man with sixty years behind his back, born when Fonteius was in office? Or has his rich experience taught him no better lesson?

Great, I grant, is the power of philosophy, that triumphs over chance, whose rules are conveyed in holy books, but those also we deem happy who have learned

to bear life's troubles, and fret not at the yoke, taught in the school of life. What feast-day so high is there that it fails to bring to light some robber, or treachery, or cheating, and gain procured by every sort of crime, and money won by dagger or by poison? For good men are few: count them; there are scarce as many as the gates of Thebes or mouths of fertile Nile. We live now in an epoch and a period worse than the age of iron, for whose wickedness Nature herself has contrived no name, after no metal she has styled it. Yet do we cry for help to gods and men with shouts as loud as those with which the clamorous almsmen of his bounty applaud Faesidius when he pleads in court? Tell me, you childish dotard, do you not know the charm that invests a neighbour's money? Do you not know what general laughter your artlessness will provoke when you insist to any man that he must not swear falsely, and must imagine that on any temples and altar red with blood god's presence really dwells? These notions ruled the life of prehistoric man ere yet Saturn resigned his crown and in exile assumed the sickle, when Juno was a modest maid, and Jupiter in Ida's grottoes was still a subject; then there were no banquets of heaven's denizens above the clouds, with no lad from Troy or dainty bride of Hercules for cupbearers; no Vulcan, too, wiping his arms begrimed by the forge of Lipara when he had strained the nectar. Each god then breakfasted apart, nor was there such a mob of gods as now, and satisfied with their modest pantheon, the stars pressed less heavily on poor Atlas' shoulders, when no personage had as yet received

as his share the gloomy sovereignty of the deep, nor did grim Pluto and his Sicilian wife exist, nor wheel of torture, nor fiends, nor boulder ever toppling down the hill, nor dusky vulture to torment, but joyous was the Spirit World that owned no Lords of Hell. Wickedness was a strange thing in that far age, when men esteemed it deadly sin by death to be atoned if the grown man stood not up in honour toward the aged, and the boy toward any bearded stripling, even though his own home could show more strawberries and larger piles of acorns; such respect was accorded to four years' seniority, such equal reverence did downy youth and honoured age command from boyhood.

Now if a friend should not disavow his trust, if he should return the old purse lent him with all its rusty coins, his honesty is a portent worthy to be recorded in almanacks and to be purged by sacrifice of a flower-wreathed lamb. If I descry a perfect blameless man, I think him a marvel like a boy of monstrous birth or fairy fishes found beneath the ploughshare, and mule with foal; I am as startled as by a shower of stones or swarm of bees settling in a long cluster on a temple roof, or river pouring with weird surge into the sea, a whirling eddy of milk.

You complain that your ten thousand sesterces have been stolen from you by profane fraud. What if another has lost an unsecured two hundred thousand in the same fashion? A third has been robbed of a still larger amount, which his broad safe's interior could scarce contain. It is so easy and simple a matter to

scorn heaven's witness, if no human being knows the secret. Mark the loud voice with which the swindler denies his guilt, mark his impassive dissembling look. He swears by the sun's rays, and bolts of Tarpeian Jupiter and lance of Mars and shafts of the seer of Cirrha, by the arrows and quiver of the huntress-maid, and thy trident, Neptune, lord of the Aegean; he tenders too the bow of Hercules, and spear of Minerva, and all the bolts heaven's armouries contain. Further, if maybe he chance to be a father, he cries, "I will devour my own son's lamented cheek boiled and soused with Egyptian vinegar, if I ever had the cash."

There are some who reckon all things as accidents of chance, and hold that the movement of the world is guided by no ruler's hand, as nature propels the alternations of light and season, and so they fearlessly lay hands on any altar to swear thereby. Another dwells in constant dread that punishment will follow crime; he believes that there are gods, yet swears falsely, reasoning thus with himself: "Let Isis ordain what she list against my body, and strike my eyes blind with her rattle of wrath, if even at the cost of blindness I may but keep the cash whose receipt I disavow. Consumption and festering sores and mangled leg are not too dear a price to pay for wealth. Even a Ladas, if poor, would not hesitate to pray for gout accompanied by gold, if he need not Anticyra's treatment and Archigenes' care; for what profits him fame for speed of foot and the Olympian olive-branch if hunger be his portion? Though the gods' wrath be heavy, yet it is surely slow to fall. If

then they trouble themselves to punish all the guilty, when will my turn arrive? Though belike I shall also find god ready to forgive: his custom is to pardon misdeeds like mine. Many sin the same sin with opposite result: for one the cross, for another the crown is the wages of iniquity." Thus he steels his heart trembling for fear through monstrous guilt, then when you bid him to the holy temple to swear, he is there before you, or rather he is ready himself to drag you there and jostle you. For when a bad cause exhibits colossal impudence in plenty, the world esteems it confidence. He is playing the old farce once more, the absconding exquisite of witty Catullus: while you, poor fellow, protest loud enough to drown the voice of Stentor or perhaps even Homer's war-god. "Jupiter, do you hear these words of his, yet never move your lips, though whether your image be of marble or bronze it was still your duty to utter some word? Else why do we lay upon your burning altar incense of worship dropped from its paper packet and sliced calves' liver and white pigs' fat? So far as I see, there is nought to choose between your images and the statue of Vagellius."

Hear what words of comfort even he can offer to you that has never read the cynic thinkers or text-books of stoics who unlike them wear the doublet, and that reveres not Epicurus happy amid his tiny garden's shrubberies. Let patients in danger consult doctors of renown; to bleed you even a student of medicine may be trusted. If in all the wide world you cannot point

to wrong so scandalous as you have suffered, I say no more, and give you leave to beat your breast with your fists and smite your face with flattened palm, for after a bereavement we should be at home to no one, and the groaning and distraction in the house are louder for cash than relatives departed; no one displays sham sorrow over such misfortune, content to rend the hem of his garment and rack his eyes with simulated weeping: lost money is deplored with genuine tears.

But if you see all the law-courts full of the same grievance as yours, if when the other side have read again and again the debtors' own notes of hand they aver that the bills are forged and the wood on which they are inscribed worthless, though convicted by their own handwriting and their own signet, choicest of sardonyxes, that they treasure in an ivory case, do you, so hard to please, claim to be exempt from the general lot, like some fowl of rare descent, while we the rest are ugly ducklings hatched from unlucky eggs? The fate you suffer is slight; it should not ruffle you overmuch, if you will turn your eyes to crimes more grievous. Contrast the hired bandit, and arson contrived with match and craft, when the conflagration breaks out at the house-door; contrast too those who carry off the massive chalices of some old temple rusted with venerable age, and nations' offerings, or crowns of gold dedicated by some king of yore; if there are no such costly objects available the impious robber shows himself in meaner guise, for he scrapes the gilding from a Hercules' thigh and a Neptune's august face, and peels the gold foil

from a Castor's statue; need he hesitate, since once he used to melt a Thunderer entire? Contrast too the devisers and purchaser of poison, and parricide whose desert is to be flung into the sea in an ox-hide, imprisoned therein with a luckless innocent ape. These are but a fraction of the crimes that Gallicus the city's governor investigates from morn till dewy eve. If you would learn the habits of your fellow-men, his single police court serves your turn: spend a few days there, and, when you leave it, call yourself ill-treated, if you dare. Who wonders at goître in the Alps, or breasts in Meroe larger than the fat sucking babe? Who has marvelled at a German's blue eyes and yellow hair with twisted knots of greasy curls? Of course the reason is that in all these cases it is their nature. The pigmy warrior accoutred in his miniature arms rushes to confront the cranes from Thrace suddenly appearing in clamorous crowd, anon worsted by the foe and hurried through the air in crooked talons he is borne off by the fierce crane. If you saw this spectacle in our own land, you would shake with laughter: but, though such battles are constantly beheld, no one laughs in the land of dwarfs, where the whole regiment stands no more than one foot high.

You ask, "Shall there be no punishment for perjured person and abominable fraud?" Suppose the man to be haled off forthwith in heaviest fetter and executed at our will (anger could wish no more), still your loss remains, the money you lent will not be saved; only the tiny stream of blood that spurts from his headless corpse will give

you odious comfort. "Still, revenge is a blessing sweeter than life itself." Why, so say the untaught masses, whose hearts you can see boiling with rage often for reasons which are nought or trivial; so true it is that the slightest pretext can excite their anger. Chrysippus the Stoic will not teach this, or gentle-hearted Thales, or the old sage who dwelt near honey-sweet Hymettus, who could not have wished to give to his prosecutor a portion of the poison he drained in the cruel prison. Blest philosophy strips us by degrees of most of our faults and all our failings; she first teaches what is right. For vengeance is always the delight of a paltry and weak and grovelling nature. This inference is plain, since women of all creatures care most for revenge. But why should you fancy that those have escaped whose guilty knowledge of the accursed deed keeps them in terror and smites with noiseless lash, and the heart that is their hell wields the spiritual scourge. For great is their punishment, crueller far than those by remorseless Caedicius and Rhadamanthus devised, the secret witness that the soul bears by night and day. The Delphian priestess once made answer to a Spartan, that he would not go unpunished in days to be since he was minded to keep for himself a sum confided to him, and support his trickery by oath. For he inquired what was the god's opinion, and whether Apollo advised him to do this deed. We read then that fear not honour made him restore the money, though in the end he proved that every word spoken from the shrine was worthy of the fane and true, for he perished root and branch with all his

race and household and kinsmen by however remote lineage related. Such punishments attend on the mere wish to sin. For whoever contemplates any secret wickedness in his heart incurs the guilt of the deed. What then if he has realised his design? His anguish never leaves him, and abates not even at the meal hour; his mouth is parched with fever, and the food he cannot fancy seems oh! so much between his teeth; yes, and the poor sufferer spits out his wine, the choicest old Alban vintage he dislikes; though you produce a still finer bottle, wrinkles gather thickly on his brow, such as tart Falernian might occasion. If at night his trouble has suffered him to fall into a brief slumber, and his limbs at length are still after tossing wearily upon the bed, instantly he beholds the temple and altars of the outraged god, and the sight that chiefly makes his heart to faint, you he beholds in his dreams; your grim spectre larger than life appals his quaking heart and wrings confession from him. These are they that tremble and turn pale at every flash of lightning, breathless with fear at the first rumbling of the sky, when thunder peals, as though the flash were falling on earth not by mere chance or the wind's fury, but in anger and in judgment. If the first storm has passed him by unharmed, he looks forward with heavier misgiving to the next, thinking it deferred by the present calm. Also if men begin to feel pain in the side and restless fear, they believe that god in his anger has sent the disease to assail their bodies; "from god the stroke, the arrow is from god," they cry. They dare not pledge to the shrine a bleating sheep for

their saving, and vow a cock's comb to the Lares; for what hope is granted to the guilty sick? or rather, what victim is not worthier to live than they? Shifting and changeable is usually the character of wicked men; in working sin their firmness fails them not; too late, when the tale of crimes is full, they begin to recognise right and wrong. Still the hardened character dead to reform speeds back to the habits it condemns. For what man has set a limit to his sinning? When has any called back the blush of shame once banished from the hardened brow? Whom among men have you seen content with one misdeed? Our swindler will march forward to the gallows, and the hook driven through his body in the dark prison, or cliff-girt isle in the Aegean Sea and crags where high-born exiles herd will be his fate. You will exult at the cruel punishment of that hated name, and at length cheerfully allow that none of the gods is deaf or blind as Tiresias.

SATIRE XIV

THE INFLUENCE OF EXAMPLE AT HOME

FULL many acts there be, Fuscinus, that deserve an ill name and cast on bright things a lasting stain, which parents themselves suffer their boys to see and teach them. If ruinous gambling is the old man's hobby, his child heir plays as well, rattling the same weapons in his tiny dice-box. And none of the grown man's relatives will be permitted to hope for better things from him, if he has learned to peel truffles, to stew mushrooms, and souse ortolans steeped in the same gravy, taught so to do by his spendthrift father, that greedy old man; when the boy has just passed his seventh year, and his second teeth have still not all appeared, compass him as you like with countless grave teachers on every side, he will desire always to dine in sumptuous style and not to sink below the standard of the higher cookery. Does Rutilus teach a merciful spirit and temper forgiving to small faults, and consider also that the souls and bodies of slaves are formed of the same stuff and the same constituents as our own; or does he inculcate cruelty, delighting as he does in the remorseless sound of stripes, thinking scourges heavenly music, the ogre

tyrant of his trembling household, in ecstasies each time the torturer is summoned, and some poor thing is seared with hot iron for two towels mislaid? What lesson does the father teach his son, whose joy is in the clanking fetter, for whom brands and bridewells and the oubliette have a strange charm? Are you so simple as to imagine that her ladyship's daughter will prove a faithful wife, when she must take breath thirteen times at least, however quickly she counts her mother's paramours, at whatever speed she runs through the list? When a girl she was her mother's confidant; now with her mother's help she composes her own little billets-doux, and gives them to her mother's minions to carry to her leman. It is nature's law. Patterns of vice at home corrupt sooner and quicker, when with weighty sanctions they steal in upon the hearts. Such lessons may be scorned perhaps by those few sons, whose hearts the Creator has formed with loving skill of superior clay; but the rest follow in the footprints of their fathers' unworthy courses, and are dragged along the track of long familiar guilt.

Eschew, then, acts you must condemn: for there is at any rate one convincing reason for this, that our children should not imitate our misdeeds, for we all learn readily to copy the shameful crooked ways of sin, and a Catiline you can find in every nation and in every clime, but a Brutus or the uncle of a Brutus will never be discovered. Let no shameful sound or sight sully the house where dwells a father; far thence be banished harlot girls and the low companion's ribald songs heard

through the night. Your boy claims first and foremost your respect, if any shameful act you plan; and think not lightly, I beseech you, of your boy's tender years, but let your baby son rise between you and the contemplated sin. For if some day he does a deed that merits a moralist's displeasure, and not only in form and look proves himself like you, but is your true son in character as well, and treading in your steps outstrips you in every form of sin, no doubt you will reprove and chasten him with bitter railing, and thereupon prepare to alter your will. Why, pray, this brow severe and father's outspoken words, when old though you be your deeds are worse than his, and the airy cupping-glass has long been waiting for that brainless head?

When you expect a guest all your servants will be actively employed. "Sweep the floor," you cry; "let him see no dust upon the pillars, brush down the shrivelled spider web and all; one must polish the smooth plate, another the carved goblets." There is passion in the master's voice as he threatens stick in hand. So then, poor fool, who are in terror at the thought that your friend's eyes at his arrival should be disgusted by dog's filth in the hall, or mud splashed upon the colonnade, though one slave boy can clean it with half a peck of saw-dust, do you never make it your endeavour that your son should see your house stainless and undefiled and free from sin? You have earned our thanks in having given a citizen to your country and nation, only if you make him serviceable to his country, profitable to her lands, and profitable

too in performing the works of warfare and peace. For the qualities and habits which you implant in him will be all-important. The stork feeds her young on snake and lizard found in the lonely country-side; so when their wings are grown they search for the same creatures. The vulture darts from dead cattle and dogs and gibbets bearing in haste a portion of the carrion to her nestlings. So each young vulture also when full-grown and able to feed itself, chooses the same diet, as soon as ever it builds its nest on the tree of its selection. But the noble eagles that attend heaven's king, hunt the hare or roe-deer in the forest brake; these are the prey they set down in their nests: and when their offspring full-grown has soared upward from those nests, feeling the pangs of hunger they swoop down on the same prey that they first tasted when they broke the egg.

Building was Cretonius' craze; and now on Caieta's winding shore, now on the top of Tibur's steep, now on Praeneste's hills he reared the tall roofs of his mansions, with marbles from Greece and many distant lands, eclipsing the temples of Fortune and of Hercules, as eunuch Posides eclipsed our Roman capitol. So by housing himself in such style Cretonius frittered away his means and wasted his wealth; though the amount of the remnant he left was still great. His maniac son made havoc of the whole of that remnant in building new mansions with choicer marble.

Some who have been blessed with a father that reveres the Sabbath, worship only the clouds and god

of the sky, and think that to eat the flesh of pigs, on which their father looked with horror, is foul as cannibalism, and soon submit to circumcision. And having long flouted the laws of Rome, they learn by rote, keep and revere the Jewish code—all those dreary precepts Moses' mystic book contains, not to show the way except to a member of the congregation, and to guide none but the circumcised to the well where they would be. But it is all the father's doing, for whom each seventh day was free from labour, and concerned not with any sphere of business.

Yet young men are eager to copy all other vices, while to the practice of avarice alone they are urged against their wills; for this vice misleads by assumption and pretence of virtue, being of serious mien and austere look and garb, and the miser wins ungrudging praise for thrift, being deemed a saving soul and surer guardian of his substance than if the serpent of the Hesperides or of Pontus were the guardian of that wealth. Besides, too, the man of whom I speak is held by the people a peerless adept in the art of getting money; for it is the fortunes of such workers that grow (swelled it is true by fair means or by foul) and increase because their anvil is ever active and their furnace ever alight. For this reason every father, too, holds the miser's disposition fortunate: adoring wealth, and thinking the happy poor an idle dream, he urges the young men to follow in his path and practise his gospel. Vice has its own alphabet, in which he instructs them from the cradle, and forces them to master every petty meanness; and soon teaches

them the insatiate greed of getting. He pinches his hungry slaves with short rations, and starves himself as well, for he can never bring himself to eat up all the mouldy crusts of mildewed bread, and in mid-September his custom is to keep the hash of yesterday and save for another dinner-time his beans in summer under lock and seal, with a bit of mackerel or half a tainted shad, and put in the cupboard with them the stalks of the cut leek that he has counted first. Any beggar will decline an invitation to such a meal. But what use are riches by such agonies amassed, for it is stark madness, clear insanity, to live a pauper's life to die a millionaire? And all the while that the miserable purse is swelling, stuffed to the brim, the lust for gold grows with the growth of wealth, and the man that has not loves it less than he that has. This is why you buy another country house; when one estate does not content you, and you are eager to extend your boundaries, thinking a neighbour's acres broader and better, you buy them as well, and the vineyards and hill gray with clustering olive. If the owner will not consent to sell for any price you offer, you will turn into his green standing corn by night your lean kine and famished oxen with drooping neck, nor drive them home till the whole crop has found its way into their ravenous bellies: the scythes could not have cut more clean.

One scarce could reckon how many bewail such raids, and all the estates that are sold through damage done.

But think of the gossip that will follow the blazoning of what shameful scandal!

"Where is the harm in this?" you reply; "I had rather stint myself to some purpose on bean-pods than win the praises of the whole country-side, and reap the meagre harvest of a tiny farm." Of course you will be exempt from illness and infirmity, and rid of sorrow and care, and the future will allot to you long span of life with happier destiny than ours, if you are the sole tenant of a domain of tilth as broad as that the whole Roman nation ploughed in King Tatius' days. Later even age-worn veterans, who confronted Carthage in battle or terrible Pyrrhus and his Epirot swords, received as guerdon for all their many wounds each his hardly won two acres; none of them ever thought this requital for his blood and toil less than his deserts, or that their thankless country had scantily discharged its debt; such a small plot was ample to feed the father himself and crowd that thronged the cottage, where the wife was lying in childbed, four babies romping round her, one a slave boy and three young masters, while for their big brothers returning from ditch or furrow there was a larger special dinner, huge earthen pots of smoking porridge: the same quantity of land is now too small for a modern garden. Here is the root of most crimes, nor has any failing of the human heart more often occasioned poisoning or assassination with the knife than the remorseless craving for unbounded wealth. For whoever longs to be rich longs to be quickly rich; but what respect for laws, what fear or shame can ever move the impatient money-grubber? "Live contented with these your cottages and hills, my sons," would the old

Marsian and Hernican and Vestine fathers cry; "let us win bread by the plough, enough for our tables; such is the fare the country gods approve, through whose aid and help, now that the blessing of the welcome corn-blade is ours, mankind is privileged to scorn the primeval acorn. The man who is not ashamed to tramp over ice in high rough boots, and who defies the east winds with skins turned inside, will never desire to do a forbidden act: that foreign strange purple men prate of leads to crime and lawlessness." Such teaching those ancients instilled into their children, but now when the year's days draw in the father with shouts awakes his sleeping son at midnight: "Boy, get your note-book and write, wake and rehearse your pleadings, pore over the red-lettered statutes of our ancestors. Or forward your petition for a sergeant's stripes; though in that case see that the general is struck by your shock head and hairy nostrils and stalwart shoulders; lay in the dust Moorish mud-huts and Northumbrian forts, that your sixtieth year may see you a well-paid colour-sergeant. Or if you shrink from enduring the long fatigues of the campaign, and the blare of clarions and bugles fills you with inward faintness, buy wares to sell again at twice the price you gave, be not squeamish as to even such goods as may not be brought this side the Tiber. Hides and perfumes must be alike grist for your mill; profit no matter how obtained smells sweet. Keep ever on your lips the maxim gods and even heaven's king might well have penned, 'Whence came your wealth, men care

not, but wealth you needs must have'. Old nurses teach this lesson to crawling baby boys, every girl learns it before she learns her letters." It would not have been amiss in me to address thus every father that urges such doctrine: "Tell me, foolish man, who bids you be in such haste. I guarantee the pupil will outstrip the master. You may safely leave him; as Ajax surpassed Telamon, as Achilles outdid Peleus, so will you be outdone. You must be gentle with the young, their bones are not yet set, low wickedness is ingrained in their character. When the boy begins to comb his beard, and introduce the razor's edge to its stubble, he will turn false witness and sell his lying oaths at a trifling figure, with hand on Ceres' altar and her statue's foot. Hold your son's wife to be as good as buried, if she enters your family with a marriage portion. It is her death signal. I seem to feel his fingers throttle her in her sleep. For the wealth that you would ransack land and sea to gain he will secure by a shorter road; for great crime costs small trouble. 'I never taught him this, or gave him such advice,' you will say some day. True, but you are the author and source of his heart's guilt. For every man that has instilled the passion for great wealth, and by sinister prompting trains his boys to greed, and he that has doubled his possessions by acts of fraud, gives free scope and flings the reins wildly to the chariot, but if you would arrest it, it is powerless to stop, and heedless of you speeds far past the goal. None is content to keep to the limit of transgression you allow, so much

wider licence they assume for themselves. In telling your son that the man is a fool who gives to his friend, and mitigates and relieves his kinsman's poverty, you teach him both to rob and to defraud and to amass by every crime that wealth whose love is as great in you as was the love of their country in the Decii's hearts, as was the affection of Menoeceus for Thebes, if Greece speaks truth, that Thebes in whose furrows regiments armed with shields complete were born from serpents' teeth, and instantly engaged in grim war, as though their bugler had started into being with them. So you will see the fire whose sparks you yourself lighted blazing wildly and seizing on everything. And you, poor wretch, will not be spared, but the lion whelp he reared with loud roar will slay the keeper in its cage. You answer that the astrologers know your nativity; yes, but it is weary work waiting for the slow threads of Destiny; he will kill you ere yet your thread is snapped. Even now you bar his way and delay the fulfilment of his prayers, already the young man girds at your old age long as the long-lived stag's. Bestir yourself, consult Doctor Archigenes, and buy the mixture of Mithridates; if you would pull one more fig and once more hold roses in your hand, you must get the specific which father as well as king should drink before he eats."

It is a superb foolery I show you, which you cannot match by any plays or any sumptuous praetor's stage, if you will observe the risk to life attending additions to a fortune, the rich treasure in the bronze-bound safe, and

cash that must needs be deposited in watchful Castor's temple, ever since Mars the Avenger lost even his helmet and could not guard his own belongings. So now you may turn your back upon all the dramas of Flora and Ceres and Cybele, such more entertaining comedies does the world of men afford. Can bodies sped from the springboard and the man who spends his days in marching down the tight-rope prove more diverting to the mind than you who are always afloat on your ship trading to Corycus, making it your home, the sport of every north-easter and southern wind, a dealer reckless and mean in bags of saffron, whose delight it is to have imported rich raisin wine from Crete's classic shore and flagons that claim in Jupiter a fellow-countryman. But the man who plants his steps with peril wins his bread by the wages, the rope is his saving against winter and hunger; your ventures are incurred to win a thousand talents and a hundred mansions. Survey our harbours and the sea filled with portly argosies: now the life on the ocean wave is most in vogue. Our vessels will hasten wherever the hope of gain invites, speeding not only across the Carpathian and Moorish seas, but leaving Gibraltar far behind they will hear the sun hiss in the western main by Hercules discovered. To be able to return from thence with full purse and exulting in your swollen money-bags, is well worth the toil of having seen the creatures of the deep and mermen of the sea. Of madness many forms frenzy men's minds. One with his sister's arms clasped about him is affrighted by the mien and torches of the Eumenides; another smites down an

ox and dreams it is Agamemnon or Ulysses moaning; even though he does not tear his doublet and cloak the man is no longer answerable for his acts who fills his ship with bales up to the brim, with only one plank between him and the wave, when the object of his grave discomfort and his danger is silver cut into superscriptions and tiny images. Though clouds and lightning roll up, "To sea," cries the owner of the freight of corn and pepper; "that colour in the sky, that black streak of cloud does not mean mischief; it's only summer thunder". Poor wretch! this very night maybe he will die suffering shipwreck, drowned in the whelming wave, still clinging to his purse with hand and teeth. Yes, and a man whose desires but yesterday could not have been satisfied by all the gold that Tagus and Pactolus roll in their ruddy sand, will now rest content with rags to cover his shivering waist and scanty food, when as a shipwrecked mariner he begs a penny and maintains himself by his picture of the storm.

What is won with such cruel hardships brings worse trouble and anxiety in the keeping: the charge of a large fortune is distracting. Licinus the millionaire has rows of buckets ready, and bids his troop of slaves mount guard at night, in terror for his amber and statues and pillars of Phrygian marble and ivory and broad device of tortoise-shell. The ill-clad Cynic's tub does not take fire; if you break it, he'll make him another home to-morrow, and the old one too will stand firm if soldered with lead. When Alexander beheld the great dweller in that tub, he saw how much happier

was the man who wanted nothing than was he who claimed the whole world as his heritage, doomed to confront perils as great as his exploits. If we are but wise, O chance, thy divine power is vanished; it is we that make thee a goddess. However, if any one asks me what amount of property is enough, I will tell him. It should be as much as can secure against thirst and hunger and cold, as much as contented Epicurus in his tiny garden, as much as the house of Socrates before him contained. The teaching of nature and philosophy ever agree. Do you think I am cramping you by my ascetic ideals? Well, then, dilute them with a dash of our modern customs, let your income reach the total ordained by Otho's law for knights. If that, too, raises a frown and makes you pout, take two more knights' fees and make it up to three. If your purse is not yet full, if it still spreads out for more, never will even Croesus' wealth or the realms of Persia content your heart or the riches of Narcissus, to whom his sovereign Claudius granted everything, whose orders he obeyed when bidden to slay his wife.

SATIRE XV

THE CURSE OF RELIGIOUS FANATICISM

WHO knows not, Volusius Bithynicus, what manner of monsters fanatical Egypt worships? One sect prays to the crocodile, another trembles before the snake-gorged ibis. A long-tailed ape's golden image glitters where the mystic harp-string pours forth melody from the mutilated Memnon, and ancient Thebes lies ruinous amid her hundred gates. There whole towns worship cats, others the river fish or dogs, but pray not to Diana. It is impiety to defile and crunch with the teeth the leek and onion. Oh pious tribes, who grow these their gods in their gardens! Woolly sheep are for them forbidden diet, to kill a kid is there impiety: though flesh of man is food permitted. When at dinner Ulysses told the amazed Alcinous his tale of men devoured, he must have stirred the anger or laughter of some, as being a lying story-teller. "Quick," they cried, "and hurl this fellow into the sea, no imaginary ravening Charybdis he deserves, with his legends of savage Laestrygonians and Cyclopes. Why I would sooner have believed in Scylla or the clashing rocks of the Cyaneae, and the skin-bags filled with winds or Elpenor by Circe lightly struck

grunting in company with his shipmates transformed to hogs. Did he fancy Phaëacia's folk so brainless?" Thus with reason some one might well have spoken who was not yet drunk, and had quaffed the strong wine with strict moderation from the Corcyrean bowl. For the chief of Ithaca was supported in the stories he recited by no witness to avouch them.

I will recount facts passing strange, which yet happened recently in Juncus' consulship, south of the town of sultry Coptus; I will recount a mob's crime, horrors worse than any melodrama boasts: for search as you will the stage-plays from the Deluge down, no entire nation in tragedy is the villain of the piece. I will tell you of a case of monstrous barbarity revealed in our own age. Between those neighbours Ombi and Tentyra there still burns an old long-standing quarrel, an undying feud, an ever-festering wound. The mob of both cities are filled with wild fury, because each place hates its neighbour's gods, believing the gods it worships alone to be true. So on a feast-day of one of these peoples all the lords and grandees of their foes deemed it a golden opportunity to mar their day's joy and merry-making, and the delight of their great banquet, when at every temple and cross-way were spread tables and the couch of night-long revelry, which stands there through darkness and through daylight, and is sometimes by the seventh sun discovered. Though it is true that inland Egypt is a savage country, in self-indulgence its uncultured rabble is not inferior to ill-famed Canopus: for this my own eyes can vouch.

Moreover, victory was also easy to win from wine-bibbers stammering and reeling through drink. On one side were men dancing to the swarthy piper's music, with such poor perfumes as they had and flowers and many garlands on their brows, on the other hungry malice. So with hearts ablaze with passion they begin the first clamour of taunts: that is the signal for the fray. Then with shout for shout they charge, bare hands do the weapon's cruel work. Few cheeks are unwounded, scarce any or rather none of all those fighters escapes with nose unmauled. Now might have been seen throughout their ranks mangled visages, features disfigured, bones showing through the torn cheeks, and fists spattered with the blood of eyes. Still the combatants think it but mockery and idle child's play of war, that there are no dead bodies trampled under foot. And it may be granted what is the use of all those thousands gathered in a brawling mob, if no life is lost? So the onslaught waxes fiercer, and now with bended arms they search the ground for stones, the familiar weapons of riot, and begin to hurl them, not indeed stones like the boulder that Turnus and Ajax sped, or like the huge mass with which Tydeus' son struck Aeneas in the hip, but pebbles that hands of modern men, heroes no longer, can discharge. For in Homer's time our race was already growing feebler; now earth produces weak as well as wicked men. So any god that has espied them, scorns and loathes them.

Go back, my story, to the point we left. When the one side reinforced ventures to draw the sword, and renew

the fight with deadly arrows, the dwellers in neighbouring Tentyra amid the shady palms turn their backs to hasty flight before the Ombites' charge. Thereupon one who in panic fear was rushing headlong fell and was taken. Then they cut him into many morsels and tiny pieces, that the one dead man might serve for many, and the conquering rabble devoured him entire and gnawed his bones, nor did they cook him in stew-pot or with spits; to wait for a fire they think such tedious slow work, the raw carcass pleased them well. Here I must note my joy that they did not desecrate the fire Prometheus stole from heaven's height of heights and gave to earth. I felicitate the element, and think that you, my friend, are glad. However, the man that abased himself to taste the human body, never relished any other flesh so well. For, as touching this great wickedness, that you may not demur and hesitate whether the first palate that tasted the flesh has felt any real pleasure, learn that, after now the whole body has been consumed, he that stood furthest in the crowd dabbles with his fingers along the ground, and sips up the blood.

In days of yore story tells that the Vascones prolonged their lives by food like this. But their case was different, but there we see fortune's malice and the straits of war, sufferings most cruel, and hideous famine of a protracted siege. For the case before us of this manner of food ought to move our pity; for example, the people I have just named after devouring all sorts of plants and every kind of animal, everything to which the famished

stomach's frenzy drove them, when their very enemies pitied their gauntness and leanness and wasted limbs, began to tear the bodies of other men with a hunger which made them ready to devour even their own. Who of men or gods would have refused pardon to cities whose sufferings were hideous and monstrous, and whom the very ghosts of those whose bodies they ate could have forgiven? We have a better guidance in the lessons of Zeno, for men there be who hold that the rule is not absolute that all things should be done to preserve one's life; but how could a Spaniard be a stoic, especially in the time of historic Metellus? Now every country has its own Greek and Roman Athens, silver-tongued Gaul has taught the pleaders of Britain, already there is talk in Thyle of engaging a professor of the art of speech. Still the famous people of my story, and Saguntum, as brave and loyal as they, but more signal in its fate, can urge some such palliation. But Egypt is more barbarous than the Crimean altar. For, accepting for the moment the poets' tale as true, she that in the Taurian land devised the unspeakable rite, merely sacrifices men, the victim has nothing further or worse to fear beyond the knife. What suffering prompted these moderns? What terrible famine and armed assault upon their walls urged them to dare so execrable a deed? Or when drought had overspread the land of Memphis, could they have brought disgrace worse than this on the Nile for its refusal to rise? Rage such as never fired the dread Cimbri, or Britons, and savage Scythians, or fell

Transylvanians maddens that unwarlike and unprofitable rabble, whose custom is to set the tiny sails of their clay canoes and ply the toy sculls of some painted pottery boat. Never will you discover punishment adjusted to their crimes or tortures adequate for tribes in whose hearts mere passion and starvation impel to like and equal horrors. Nature, by the gift of tears, avows that to mankind she gives warm feeling hearts: that is the noblest part of our emotions. So she bids us weep for a friend in the dock, for the defendant worn and weary, or for the ward haling his defrauder to justice, his girlish locks shedding mystery on his tear-stained face's sex. At nature's bidding we sigh when we meet some grown maiden's hearse, or commit to earth a babe too young for the pyre. For what good man worthy to bear the mystic torch, pure-hearted as Ceres priest could wish, thinks that any sufferings concern him not? This is what distinguishes us from the herd of dumb creatures, and that is why since to us alone the glorious gift of reason is vouchsafed we can lead the higher life, and are fitted for practising and discovering the arts, and have drawn from heaven's citadel feeling transmitted thence, which is beyond the ken of grovelling purblind beasts. In the beginning of the world the Creator of all granted them lives only, to us a soul as well, that sympathy each for each might prompt us to ask and offer help, to unite scattered dwellers into states, to desert the primeval woodland and leave the forests where our grandsires lived, to build houses, and suffer another to settle beside

our home, that the confidence of union might grant us sleep secured by a neighbour's threshold, to shield with arms a fellow-countryman who has fallen or is staggering under a heavy blow, to sound to arms with the public bugle, to be guarded by the same towers, and shut by one key within the city gates. But now serpents dwell in unity sooner than men; a brute of like kind spares his spotted kindred: when did the stronger lion rob the weaker of his life? in what wood did ever boar breathe his last by the tusks of a mightier boar? Tigress with ravening tigress of India lives in lasting peace, savage bears together do agree. But man is not content to have forged the deadly steel on the accursed anvil, though the first smiths were used to forge only rakes and hoes, and wearied with contriving pickaxes and ploughshares had learned not how to hammer out swords. We see nations whose passion is not sated with the killing of a man, but who have believed his breast, arms and face to be an article of food. What words then would Pythagoras have used, or rather whither would he not have fled, if he had now beheld these horrors, he the sage who refrained from eating all animals as though they were his fellow-man, and suffered not even every sort of vegetable to pass his lips?

SATIRE XVI

THE ADVANTAGES OF THE SOLDIER'S LIFE

WHO, Gallius, could count the prizes of the service when lucky? For if I gain admittance to the favoured corps, I would gladly enter the barrack-gate a trembling recruit, should my star befriend me. For the moment when fortune is kind can do more for us than credentials to the god of war from Venus or from his mother who loves the sand of Samos.

Let us first survey the general advantages of the service, not the least being that no civilian must venture to assault you; indeed, even if you assault him first, he must say nothing and not venture to show to the praetor the teeth you have knocked out, and the dark lump and swollen bruises on his face, and the one remaining eye which the doctor fears he cannot save. If he wishes redress for this, a big-booted sergeant is assigned to him for judge, and there are rows of magnificent calves along the big jurors' benches, for the ancient military laws and Camillus' custom are maintained, that a soldier must not be party to proceedings outside the lines and far from the colours. Suppose then the sergeants do strict justice in the trial of my affair with the soldier, and I do not fail to get

satisfaction, if I lay before them the cause of my genuine grievance, still I make all the company my enemies, and all the squads leagued heart and soul cause me to rue my revenge, and make it more serious than the actual assault. It will then be a thing worthy of prating Vagellius' mulish understanding, with your two poor legs to go knocking up against all those heavy boots and all those countless hobnails. Besides, who would go so far from the city, who would be so loyal a friend, as to proceed with you outside the ancient wall? We had better dry our tears at once, and not trouble our friends who are certain to beg off. When the judge says, "Call your evidence," if some bystander who saw the mauling ventures to say, "I saw it," then I should hold him worthy to be classed among the bearded and long-haired worthies of old Rome. It is easier to bring forward a false witness against a civilian than one who speaks truth against the interest and honour of a soldier.

Now let us observe other prizes and other advantages of the military. If a rascally neighbour has robbed me of a dale or meadow in my ancestral estate, and has dug up from the middle of the baulk the sacred boundary-stone, which once a year has received my oblation of porridge and a flat cake, or if a debtor persists in not repaying the monies I have lent him, averring that the bills are forged and the wood on which they are inscribed is worthless, I shall have to wait for the period of the year which ushers in the whole nation's causes. Though even then I must submit to a thousand annoyances, a thousand delays: so often

they are just laying the cushions on the jurors' benches, and as one learned counsel is just putting off his cloak, while his learned brother has gone out for another purpose, we must, though ready, go our several ways fighting thus in the law's dilatory lists. But the mailed and belted warriors are sure of the time of their own choosing for the proceedings, nor is the estate frittered away by the long drag-chain of the law-suit.

Soldiers, again, are the only persons permitted to make their wills during a father's lifetime. For it has been ruled that what has been won in war forms no part of the total of the father's property, which he holds in absolute control. So it is that Coranus is serving with his regiment and drawing soldier's pay, while his father, though now paralysed, is wooing his cash. Deserved support advances the son, and confers its due rewards on distinguished service. Indeed, it seems to be the interest of the general himself that the brave should also be most lucky, that all who are proud of their medals and collars should

. . . . . .

The rest of the Satire is lost.

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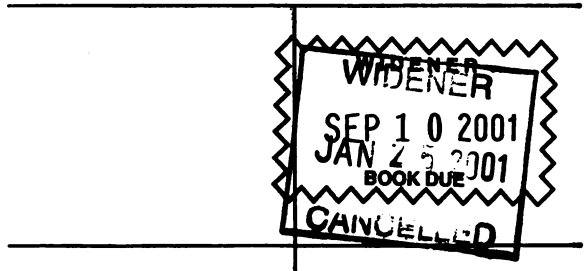
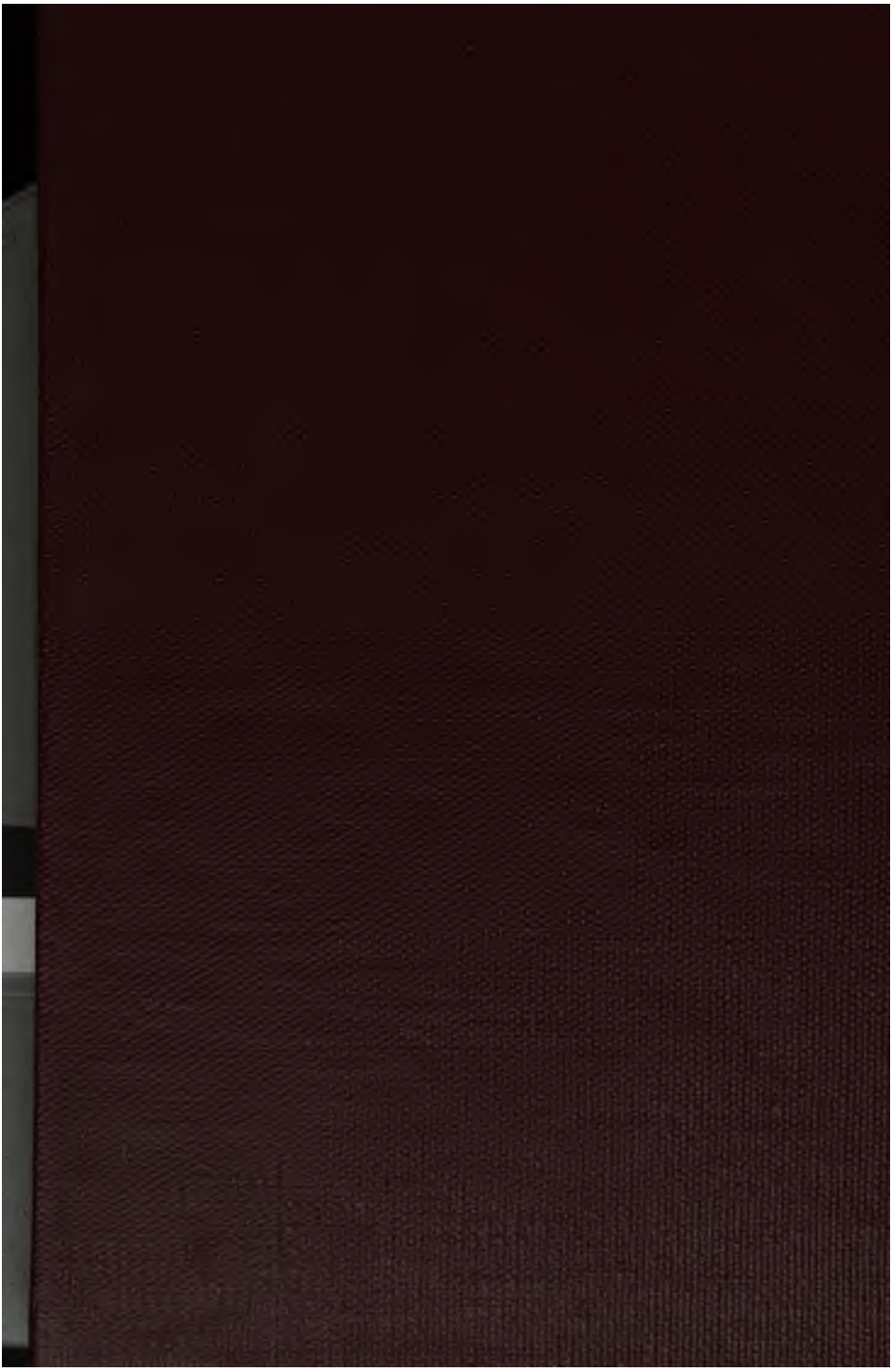
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